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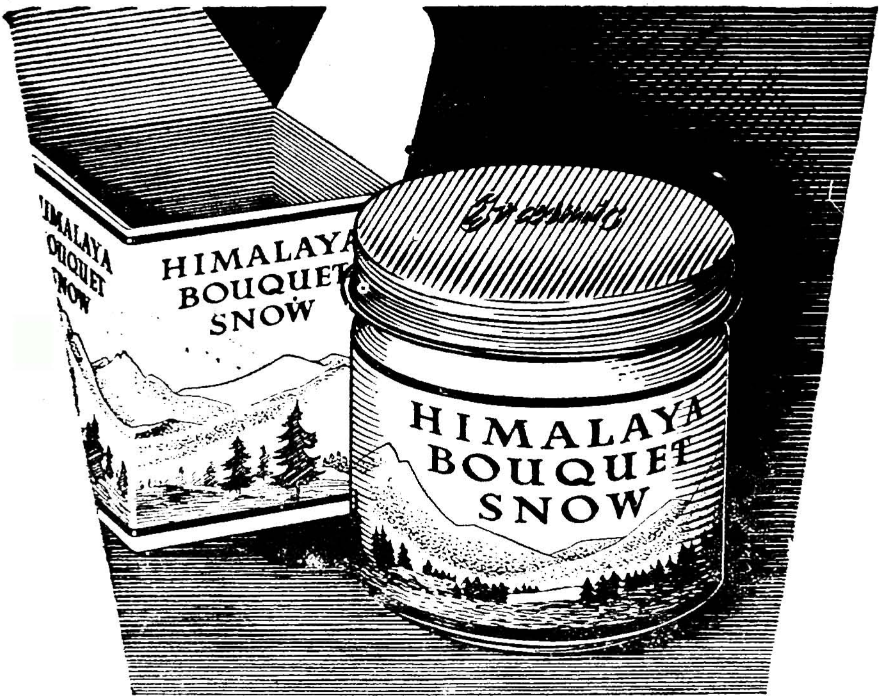

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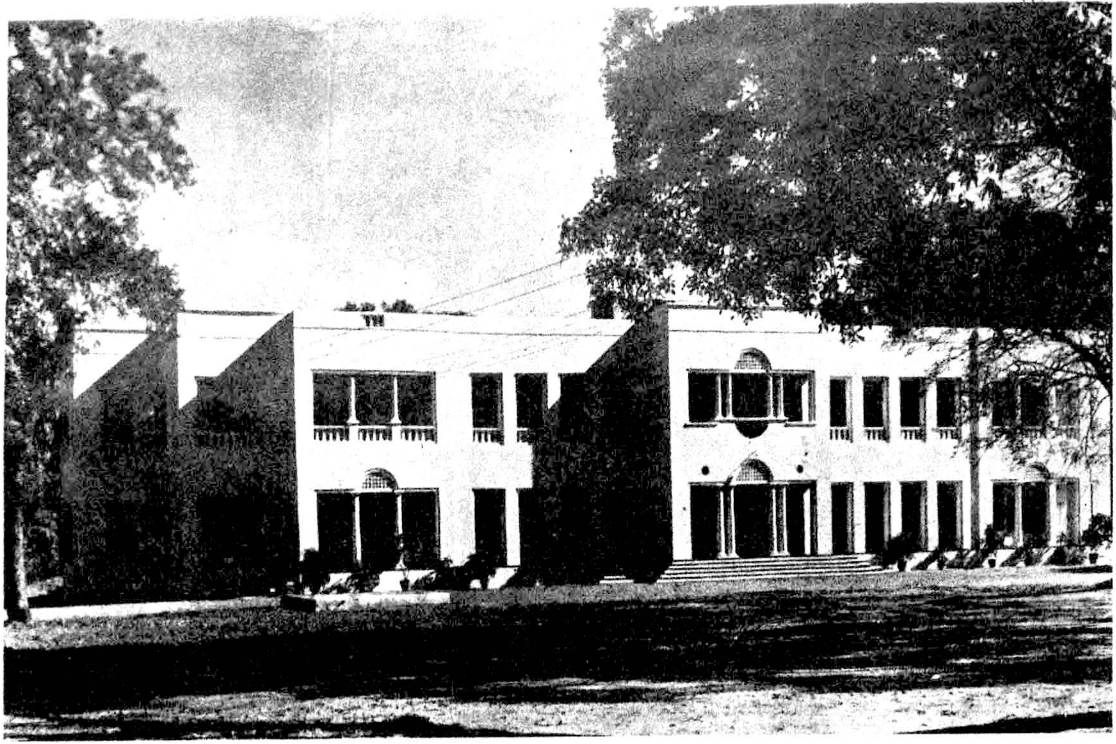

THE GARDEN HOSTEL

2 - JUN 1955
MADRAS

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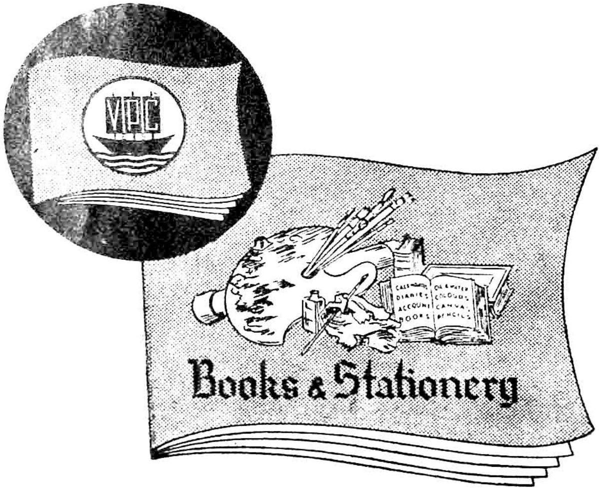

CALENDARS
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V. PERUMALL CHETTY & SONS MADRAS 1

CONNEMARA
2 - JUN '55

THE COLLEGE CALENDAR 1950—51

July	6	College reopened.
,,	7	Assembly: Election of Secretary, Treasurer and Class III representative on the Senate and Class III representative on the Court.
,,	9	Bishop Pakenham Walsh preached in chapel.
,,	11	Welcome in assembly hall to new Staff - Miss Sarah Thomas (Hist) Miss Sulochana (Botany) Miss Ninan (Phil) Mrs Kamakshi (Chem) Mrs Sumathi Menon (English) Miss Leelamani George and Miss Agnes Paul (Chem) Miss Sakuntala (Physics) Miss Revathi (Nutrition) Miss Soares (Botany)
,,	14	Assembly: Elections. Students met Staff Advisors.
,,	17	Students took part in A. I. R. Quiz programme.
,,	19	S. C. M. Freshers, Social.
,,	21	Assembly: Elections. Mr. Stanley Chartrand of U. S. Information Service spoke on the Korean situation at the Current Events Meeting.
,,	23	S. C. M. Candle-Lighting Service.
,,	24	1st A. I. R. Youth Forum. College represented by S. Seevaratnam, Class III.
,,	28	Assembly: Elections. The Principal spoke about Old Students Day. College songs practised.
,,	29	Pastors' Social.
August	2	Natural Science Association Meeting.
,,	4	Assembly: UNESCO questionnaire answered.
,,	9	Literary Society Meeting. Professor Macnicol spoke on Shakespeare.
,,	11	Dr Stewart Nelson, Dean of Howard University, Washington, and Dr Sherman Scruggs, President of Lincoln University, delegates to the Youth Seminar at Mysore, spoke during Assembly hour.
,,	15	Independence Day - Holiday.
,,	18	Alumnae Association Day and Convocation.
,,	19	Past V. Present Baseball Match.
,,	24	Mrs Samarasinha arrived from Ceylon with Lathika.
,,	25	Meeting of College Union to pass revised rules. Welcome to Mrs Samarasinha. Talk by Miss Sykes on "Planning of Education in India" First performance of "The Tempest" in aid of Nursery School.
,,	26	2nd performance of "The Tempest".
,,	31	Mr Makoto Fujita, Student Secretary of National Council of Y. M. C. A's of Japan, spoke to S. C. M.
September	1	Assembly: Mrs Clubwala spoke about St. John's Ambulance Brigade.
,,	4	Staff tea-party to Alumnae in Madras, to meet Mrs Samarasinha.
,,	6	Natural Science Association meeting.
,,	13	Miss Masillamani returned from England.
,,	14	College closed.

October	5	...	College reopened.
,,	6	...	Welcome to Miss Masillamani who talked about her impressions of Paris and London.
,,	7	...	B. Sc. excursion to Water Works.
,,	9	...	Dr. S C. Leung, Secretary for South and East Asia of Y. M. C. A. World Committee spoke in Student's Common room about Communism in China.
,,	13	...	The Rev Jerome De Souza spoke in Assembly, about his observations of America and the U. N. O.
,,	15	...	Visit to Pammal Leprosy Block.
,,	18	...	B. Sc and Class II saw films on Physiology.
,,	19	...	Holiday - Ayudha Puja.
,,	20	...	Assembly: Visual Education. "U. N. O." and "Peace-Time Atomic Energy".
,,	24	...	United Nations Day. Special Prayers and Intercession. Posters shown.
,,	25	...	First Aid lectures begin with 26 students.
,,	26	...	Students and 3 Staff left for S. C. M. camp at Conjeevaram.
,,	27	..	Assembly: Visual Education - "History of Housing" and "Elections in England".
,,	31	..	Miss Pearson and Miss Rachel Wolff arrived from Bombay.
November	3	...	Welcome to Miss Pearson and Miss Wolff. Musical programme arranged by students.
,,	4	...	Intercollegiate debate in English, Women's Zone, held in the college at 4.30.
,,	9	...	Holiday for Deepavali. History excursion to Mahabalipuram. Deepavali fire-works and special dinner. First meeting of the Cultural League. (A suggestion was made for the formation of a cultural society which would impart to the students the significance of the various religious functions such as Onam, Deepavali, etc: The importance of the suggestion was realised and accordingly, the Cultural League was formed with Miss Gurubatham as the staff advisory member).
,,	10	...	Dr Taylor of Wilson College, Bombay, spoke on "Experiments with Cosmic Rays".
,,	15	...	Rev G. C. Martin of M.C.C. spoke on Jane Austen to the Literary Society
,,	17	...	Miss Muriel Lester, Secretary of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, spoke on "Women all over the world".
,,	18	...	Hindi Play "Now Javan" (Our first attempt at a Hindi play)
,,	20	...	Preliminary Telugu Debate (University). Our students won 1st and 3rd places.
,,	23	...	American Thanksgiving Service in our chapel.
,,	24	...	The Rev. Oliver Tomkins, Secretary for Faith and Order, World Council of Churches, talked to the students in the Common room.
,,	25	...	College "At Home" to students' friends.
,,	26	...	S.C.M. Terminal Service.
December	2	...	All day conference of Christian University Teachers, arranged by S. C. M. Sunday School party on the "Green Stage"
,,	5	...	Public lecture in Assembly Hall, under the auspices of the University, by Dr R.R. Williamson "Better Health through Better Rice".

December	6	...	Servants' Christmas Party.
"	9	...	Staff Christmas party followed by the play "The Gondoliers".
"	10	...	Servants' Christmas Service at 10. 30 a m Christmas Service and play in the hall, in the evening.
"	13	...	Nursery School party.
"	14	...	College closed.
"	21	...	Miss Bertha Corfield arrived from America. S. C. M. delegates left for Triennial Conference at Hyderabad.
1951			
January	3	...	Hostel reopened. Students removed into ground-floor of Garden Hostel. Miss Madge moved into C.S V. to help in Miss Wigan's absence.
"	4	...	College reopened. Dr Sundkler of Upzsala came to visit college.
"	5	...	Dr John Bennett, Prof of Christian Theology and Ethics at Union Theological Seminary, spoke during scripture hour on "Communism and Christianity". Miss Corfield welcomed. Dr Miss F Kittrell, Head of the Home Economics Dept of Howard University, now at Baroda University, spoke on Minority Communities in the American Democracy.
"	6	...	Shakespeare Matinee - Mr Norman Marshall's players at Museum Theatre.
"	10	...	Practice of Hostel prayers on Wednesdays begun by floors.
"	12	...	Assembly :— Dr Boaz, lecturer in Psychology spoke on "Maintaining Mental Health".
"	14	...	The Most Rev. A.M. Hollis, Moderator of the Church of South India took Evening Service and spoke in the Staff Common room, after dinner, about C. S. I.
"	15	...	Holiday for Pongal.
"	16	...	Executive Committee Meeting of Alumnae Association.
"	17	...	Visit from Church of Scotland Mission Deputation ; Dr Dougall. Mr. Kent, Miss Walls and Mr. Ryrie.
"	19	...	Assembly : Miss Edith Madge and Mr. A, Vanderholt, presented a programme of Classical music.
"	20	...	Sarah Tucker College Entertainment at Museum Theatre. Our students, coached by Miss Moore, enacted "Elizabeth Refuses" from Pride and Prejudice.
"	26	...	Republic Day. Holiday. Singing competition of National Anthem won by Class III. Nursery School children entertained. Women's Intercollegiate matches for netball and badminton. W.C.C. won the netball against St. Teresa's and lost in badminton to St. Agnes'
"	30	...	Silent prayer in chapel for the Gandhi Sarvodaya Day. Students took part in all day Bhajana at Rajaji Hall from 5.15 to 5.30. Visual Education for History Dept.
"	31	...	Miss McDougall arrives by air with Mrs Dodd.
February	2	...	Indian Dinner. Half Holiday. Assembly : Miss McDougall welcomed and shown around the college.
"	3	...	Alumnae Association Party for Miss McDougall.

February 5	...	S.C.M. week of prayer begins. Home Science excursion to Chromepet.
„ 9	...	Nominations for President. World Day of Prayer.
„ 10	...	Inter-Collegiate Sports Meet.
„ 12	...	Results of Nominations for President announced. Seevamalar Seevaratnam, President, by 2/3 majority of votes.
„ 14	...	Lady Goshen Oratorical Contest. Best speaker, P. S. Seevaratnam.
„ 16	...	Elections.
„ 18	...	College S.C.M. retreat.
„ 21	...	Literary Circle Reading Competition. Winner - Ranjini Pithavadian (Class I)
„ 23	...	Elections.
„ 28	...	Staff won baseball match with Class IV.
March 1	...	Half holiday. College Sports.
„ 2	...	Hostel Day. Assembly: Visual Education.
„ 3	...	Opening of Garden Hostel by Miss McDougall. Meeting of Association. New Constitution finally passed.
„ 4	...	S. C. M. service.
„ 5	...	General Body Union Meeting.
„ 6	...	College Photographs.
„ 8	...	Promotion Exams begin.
„ 12	...	Farewell to Staff.
„ 14	...	Miss McDougall left for England.
„ 15	...	College closes.
„ 20	...	University Exams begin.

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EDITORIAL

OLD students and former staff members of W. C. C. are now to be found in all parts of the world; but whatever the distance that separates them, they are a Fellowship bound together by their affection for and loyalty to their Alma Mater and the principles for which she stands. The *Sunflower* wants to keep alive in the minds of the widely scattered Alumnae this sense of fellowship, and to offer them in its pages an opportunity to come together and share experiences. The Alumnae Association hopes, one day, to succeed in collecting and bringing together well-authenticated information concerning all the old students of the College. This year we decided to make a start with the graduates of 1916-1917. The task was very kindly undertaken by Miss Mariam Chacko, and we give below her remarks upon the results her researches into the subject brought forth :

"I tried to gather information about the students of 1916, but without much success. Of those 'dim days', only the huge register in the office could tell me anything. I had the names of those who left in 1916. Then I found that there was the address of but one. If any-one can send us news of those students, please do so".

It is obvious that the Alumnae Association has set itself a big task and it cannot be carried through successfully without the co-operation of the old students. We, therefore, earnestly request all old students, of whatever year they may be, to send us news about themselves and their W. C. C. friends. News of old students will always be welcomed with grateful thanks by the Alumnae Association Secretary.

We have great pleasure in bringing out this number of the *Sunflower* which we have tried to make into a "McDougall Number", in honour of Miss McDougall's visit to the College after an absence of thirteen years. She came, in response to Miss Mason's invitation, all the way from England to open our new "Garden Hostel". (See frontispiece) To most of us in college this renewal of personal contacts with Miss McDougall has been an unforgettable experience. One has only to be in her presence to know that she is a woman of Prayer and lives very close to God. There is in her face that serenity and peace which is only to be found in the faces of those who have lived for noble causes and given themselves generously and unselfishly to the building up of other people's lives. One fact emerges clear from her spoken words and that is that she is unafraid, and looks upon the uncertain future with courage and with hope for the world. Miss McDougall left on March 14th. We hope she enjoyed her short stay in India as much as all who met her did.

It was great joy to us all in College to have Dr Elizabeth George visit us at the same time as Miss McDougall. It was always an exciting spectacle to the students to see the three Principals together. Our only regret was that Miss Rivett was not able to be here too.

College closed on March 15th; and there has already fallen upon us the peculiar end-of-the-year atmosphere and a great quiet. There is already a foretaste of summer in the air and the college compound is looking rather parched and dry. But College, to those who love her, is always beautiful at all times of the year. Her buildings stand stately and serene, their grace and beauty a perpetual benediction and inspiration to the inmates. And soon the college trees—the tabebuia which is Miss McDougall's own

tree, the Peltopherum, the Cassia and the Rain tree will be breaking into flower and perfume, and the College garden, all through the long, dusty, hot days of summer will be overflowing with their colour and scent.

One last word—Miss Mason will be away on furlough in America next year. We wish her a happy and restful holiday and joyful reunion with friends in England and America.

GREETINGS FROM THE PRINCIPAL

March 13, 1951.

Dear Alumnae,

It has been most lovely having Miss McDougall among us, off and on, for the last six weeks. She leaves us tomorrow, March 14th, for Bombay and England.

College closes on the 15th and then only the seniors will be left for the University examinations. It is time for my furlough and I shall be leaving Bombay on April 5th for England and America. Miss Gnanadickam will be carrying on as Acting-Principal next year.

Do, please, do all you can, wherever you are, to strengthen the Alumnae Association. You are the College in the world and we want to keep in touch with you.

All good wishes to you.

Yours affectionately,

Eleanor D. Mason.

Miss McDougall's Message to the Alumnae

March, 12th, 1951

After six weeks of very delightful residence at College and going to and fro in South India I am packing up for the return to my home in England, and the editor of the *Sunflower* kindly offers me space to send you a loving greeting and a grateful farewell. I have had the great pleasure of living in College again and from it I have made various little journeys to places where I hoped to find many of you: one trip to Trichinopoly, Madura and Palamcotta, a week in Ceylon visiting Jaffna, Colombo and Kandy, a night at Bangalore and another at Vellore. All the journeys wherever possible, were made by air to save time, and it was by air that I came from England and shall return there the day after tomorrow. On the long flight from London to Madras I was very fortunate to have with me Mrs. Dodd coming to visit her daughter who has now for two years been in her mother's place here in College and her son who has for many years been living just opposite us in Spur Tank Road.

From our first afternoon in Bombay where a dozen alumnae gathered to give us a lovely tea party I have enjoyed beyond everything the contact with the daughters of the College. The sunshine, the beautiful nights, the trees and flowers of India and all the familiar charm of the College buildings and grounds have been very delightful too. But to live with the Resident Staff, to watch the throng of the present students doing just what you used to do and to see so many alumnae has been of course the chief pleasure.

On accepting the kind invitation to come and open the new Hostel I sent out to College the lists of places which I wished to visit (with regret omitting Travancore and Hyderabad as

I could not possibly be away from home more than six or seven weeks) and my itinerary was most kindly and most efficiently drawn up by your former Secretary, Miss Anna Oommen, who consulted maps and airport guides, wrote dozens of letters and had everything perfectly arranged when I arrived. So in all those places I found a delightful warmhearted group, all eager to renew their happy memories of their undergraduate days, to enjoy each other's company and to strengthen their links with their College by heaping kindness on me. It would be invidious to mention individuals when all have been so kind and many so distinguished, but I do feel proud of the alumnae and very rich and happy in the store of memories that I am carrying away with me. Happy wives and mothers, many of them bringing charming children to see me, multitudes of teachers and many Headmistresses, then College Principals, Church workers, secretaries of many forms of Social Service—each has been an individual pleasure to me and a clear witness to the world of what the College was founded for and has tried to do. There were very very few who did not find life full and interesting and who were not occupied in some kind of "true and laudable service."

I hope that the groups who came together on the unexpected occasion of seeing their old friend will stay together as groups and form little organised companies of "Friends of the College" in each place. Your Alma Mater needs your help, your letters, your visits when you happen to come to Madras, your continued interest and your prayers, and above all your proof in daily life of the value of the College education which has helped to train you for the service of the Kingdom of God here in India.

May the loving blessing of God be with you all.

Eleanor McDougall.

Visit of Miss McDougall

It was indeed a happy idea of Miss Mason's to invite Miss McDougall to come and revisit the College and to open the new hostel. And no more welcome travelling companion and visitor could have been chosen than Mrs. Dodd.

They had a great welcome when they arrived at midday on 31st January. The students were all assembled under the Elephant Porch. When the crowd thinned a little, and it was possible to see Miss McDougall, she was almost smothered in rose garlands. The first thing she did was to meet every member of the staff. She had never flown before. At luncheon she told us her gardener's comments on her proposed trip. "I hear Miss Eleanor is going up in one of them things", he said, pointing skywards; "the cheek of it!"

While she was with us, she joined in our College life, going to Chapel, and taking all her meals with us, except when invited out by her many friends. On February the 2nd, at the Indian Dinner, she was dressed as a lady of Madras, as she likes to think of herself.

On February the 3rd, there was a tea party in the garden for the alumnae. Speeches were made by Mrs. Pithavadian, on behalf of the Senior alumnae and by Miss Mary Abraham for the juniors, who had never seen Miss McDougall in the flesh but knew her by her portrait. In her reply, she told us that the many kind things said must be taken as tributes not to herself alone, but to all members of the Staff in the old days who had worked to lay the foundations of College life well and truly. She compared a principal to a string which keeps staff members together Afterwards we all went into Chapel and Miss McDougall conducted prayers. She began by repeating Zacharias' hymn (Blessed be the Lord God of Israel) by heart. (She had told us on a previous occasion that these were the first words ever uttered in the Chapel, when the acoustics were being tested).

She also met the whole Staff twice, on the second occasion at a farewell party for the Fourth Year Students, when they joined the Alumnae Association. She addressed them most sympathetically, recalling her own sorrow when the time came for her to leave College. "I thought I had finished with pleasure. Duty there might be in the days to come, but no more pleasure." However life in this

respect had been much kinder than she had expected. She ended by quoting a verse of Kipling's as a farewell motto :—

Each degree of latitude,
Strong about creation
Seeth one or more of us
(Of one muster each of us)
Diligent in what he does,
Keen in his vocation.

Miss McDougall also spoke at St. Christopher's College Day, to the International fellowship, and to the Teachers' Assembly, in the Senate House, 600 students who have finished their courses in the Training Colleges.

But to us of Women's Christian College the most important function was of course, the opening of our new Hostel, to be known henceforward as the Garden Hostel.

After the Report of the College had been read by Miss Mason the Vice-Chancellor paid a tribute to the College and to Miss McDougall, the only woman who had ever given the Convocation Address. Miss McDougall, who spoke without notes, quoted, as a classical scholar, Aristotle's saying that women could do everything that man can do. This she believed, though she perhaps would not finish the sentence as Aristotle had done with the words "though not so well!"

On the last Sunday of term she conducted Evening Chapel, and gave a memorable address on the Parable of the Two Houses, built on Sand and Rock.

Everywhere Miss McDougall goes, she makes the same impression of a steadfast religious faith, continued with a keen interest in life, friendliness, wisdom and wit. She never forgets that the College was founded to help to promote the Kingdom of God. This faith makes her hopeful so that she could encourage students going out to face life with the assurance that we are living in grand times of great opportunity. Naturally she is deeply interested in education, which makes life more interesting, which gives a taste for reading, and which forms good mental habits. Her criticism of modern education is that though it makes pupils eager to be taught it does not perhaps make them so ready to learn.

Miss McDougall was heard to say she was enjoying every moment of her six weeks in India, and certainly all who met her would say they had enjoyed every moment spent in her company. When we said goodbye to her and Mrs. Dodd it was a parting of "sweet sorrow", for this visit has been an inspiring experience for us all, on whichever side of the world we may be living.

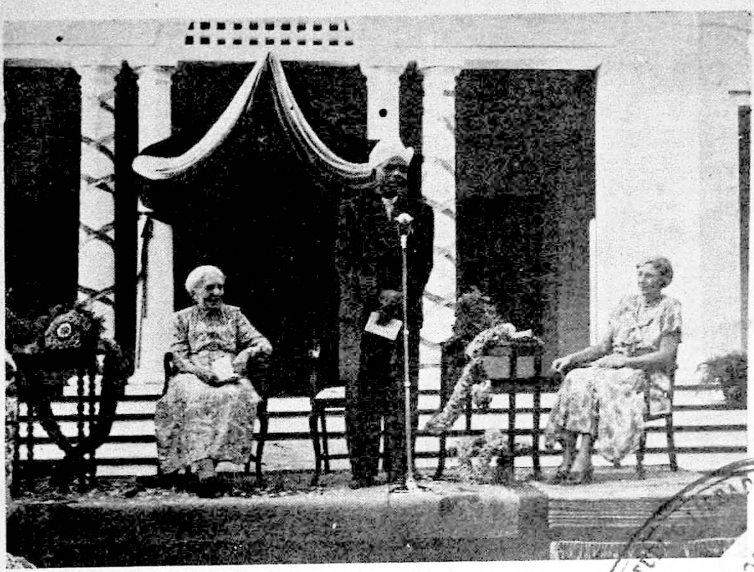
M. Moore.

Opening of the "Garden Hostel"

*Extract from Miss Mason's speech at the opening ceremony of the "Garden Hostel" on March 3rd**

"We welcome you most warmly to share with us a happy occasion, the linking of the longest past of our college through this present hour with the future, as this new hostel, to be lived in by future generations of students and staff is opened by our first principal, Miss McDougall. It was she who, in the first year of the College, 1915-16, with her staff, made the decision to purchase old Doveton House and its surrounding acres, who so wisely and so carefully and prayerfully laid foundations, established the traditions of our way of life here, and through the following 23 years, built strongly and splendidly on those foundations. She retired in 1938 and her name to our present generation of students has been, until recently only a glorious thrilling tradition. Now she has returned in response to our invitation, to give her blessing and inspiration to our present endeavours and hopes, and in opening this hostel to bless its future share in the life of the College. It is a long way to come to open a hostel-from London to Madras. It is a testimony to her love for the College that she has accepted our invitation and we on our part cannot thank you enough, Miss McDougall, for coming and for being here today.

Opening of the Garden Hostel



Miss McDougall
Sir Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar
Miss Mason

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Alumnae Party 3rd February '51

May I say a word about this building and the history behind it? It ows its first existence in thought to very serious discussions in our Staff meeting two years ago after the College Council had asked us as a staff to consider the possibility of increasing our enrollment because of the great need for increased funds for maintenance. Dr. Elizabeth George, the third principal of the College who is with us to day was with us in these deliberations and helped much in our thinking. As a staff we were all convinced, in the first place, that we could not recommend extensive expansion in enrollment without grave harm to those high purposes for which our College was founded, as a part of the work for the Kingdom of God in India, to maintain a college of the highest academic standard and tradition in a Christian atmosphere. We did feel however, not only because of financial need but also because of the tremendous pressure from disappointed applicants, that the time for *some* expansion had come, beyond our enrollment of 250. Our final conviction was that in making this increase we should maintain a high proportion of *resident* students who set the tone of a college and who profit most from their years here. Hence the need for an additional small hostel to accommodate from 45 to 50 students and two members of staff.

Architecturally this beautiful building owes its origin to the firm of Prynne, Abbott and Davis, and particularly to Mr. Kiffin-Peterson, Architect. The inspiration and the fingers of many architects have shared in our buildings from the Mr. Daniel Roebuck of the mid 18th century who raised the glorious pillars of old Doveton House, Mr. Peers who designed our Main Hostel, Mr. Reginald Dann who in 1923 conceived the most lovely chapel and the curving colonnades and arches connecting it with the hostel, and Mr. R. Jackson who designed our glorious science building, and little cottage and the Clock Tower. Our most recent buildings we owe to the present firm of architects, to Mr. Prynne the Edith Coon Hostel, to Mr. Davis our simple and dignified Rivett House, and now lastly this newest hostel we owe to the hands of Mr. Peterson.

Financially this hostel owes its origin, as does our beautiful science building, to gifts collected in America in the early 20's from women throughout that country who in gratitude for the privilege of University education themselves wanted to help the cause of education of women in the Orient and in response to an appeal gave with wonderful generosity to seven young Christian Colleges for women in the Orient, 3 in India, 3 in China and 1 in Japan. These colleges were new and young and small and the wise friends who organized the appeal seeing the future needs, set apart the gifts for *building*. Toward our beautiful science building which owes its origin to this fund and was completed in 1925 the government gave a generous grant of two thirds of the total cost. For buildings since then, built during or soon after the war years, no grant could be given, but for the present hostel we believe our government is again going to help us to the amount of Rs. 75,000, approximately half of the cost of the building. For this we are very thankful.

Strangers and even our friends coming into our compound are often sadly misled. They see our gracious and stately buildings which help so much in setting the atmosphere of this place, and think that we must be very rich. That is very far from true. The buildings have come from special gifts and grants, but for our normal maintenance expenses, for salaries, books, equipment, our income is far from adequate. It is a great blow to us that the Government, pressed as we know from all sides, has felt it necessary to refuse a science equipment grant for next year for which we shall have to find Rs. 18,000.

As a small college with a small fee income we face an especially difficult problem. The Uuiversities commission of the Government of India recommended that the Women's Colleges should not be increased in size and we heartily endorse their apparent belief in the value of a small college. But the requirements of a small college for staffing, under University regulations, are as great as those of the larger colleges, and, in proportion to the enrollment, far greater, and standards of equipment have to be maintained at as high a level.

It was pointed out at the meeting of our Governing Board, the College Council, this morning, that considerably over half our income at present comes from contributions from overseas, from England and Scotland, Canada and the United States. Also

at our Governing Board today the final step was taken in accepting from the Governing Boards in Great Britain and America the transfer of final authority and control that has been vested with them to the Council in India. The Council greatly desires that along with this historic change in the Government of our College there should be a corresponding response from India in meeting the financial obligations of the College. Just as in America in the 1920's there were women who in gratitude for privileges they had received gave generously that the women of India, China and Japan might also have the privilege of education, may there not be now in India those who, thanking God for the blessings that have come to them, will give to help endow and make secure our struggling colleges? We believe that this College has meant much to those who have studied here and we believe that the public appreciates and cares for what we stand for. We ask that you will help us with counsel and if you can, with gifts, that will make it possible for the College to carry on in the good way in which Miss McDougall first set our feet."

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* Ed :- *The Garden Hostel was formally opened by Miss McDougall on Saturday March 3, 1951 in the presence of a distinguished gathering of friends, Sir Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, Vice Chancellor of the University, presiding; and on that occasion, Miss Mason made the above statement concerning the history and background of the Hostel.*

Welcome Song to Miss McDougall

(Composed on the Occasion of her Visit to Udupiddy Girls' School, Jaffna)

ஆர்ப்பரிப்போமே ஆனந்தத்தோடு
அகமகிழ்வால் நிறைந்து
அம்மை மைக்டுகல் தம்மிடம் விட்டு
எம் இடம் மேவியதால்
கீதங்கள் பாடுவோம் நாமே
நாதங்கள் நாவினால் நாமே
ஆடிடுவோமே பாடிடுவோ
பாவியர் கூடியிங்கு.

II

ஸ்திரிகளின் ஈடேற்றத்திற்காய்
இணையில் நல் வேலை செய்தீர்
இந்தியாவோடு இலங்கைப் பெண்மணிகள்
இல்களில இலங்கிடவே
உறக்கமில் ஊழியம் செய்யும்
உத்தம பத்தினியும்மை
ஏத்திடுவோ..... போற்றிடுவேமே
பாவையர் பாங்காய்ப் பாடி

III

கலையில் சிறந்த Women's Christian College
தலைவியைக் காணப்பெற்ற
கண்ணியத்தை நாம் காணவே செய்த
தத்துவ சாஸ்திரியே
வந்தனம் தந்தனம் நாமே
சிந்தை மகிழ்ந்துமே நாமே
சந்தோஷத்தோடு செய்தியைச் செப்பி
சுகபெலம் பெற்று வாழ்வீர்.

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Miss McDougall in Jaffna

Udupiddy Girls' School,
Valvetithurdi,
Ceylon.

26—2—1951.

My dear Miss Oommen,

You will be very anxious to know all about Miss McDougall's visit. Contrary to expectation, it was a very grand function. On Wednesday 21st, Miss Paramasamy, Miss Lee and six of us (i. e. the younger graduates) met Miss McDougall at the airport. She was taken to Uduvil and Miss Paramasamy had her till Thursday morning. On Thursday she came to our school at Udupiddy and she was taken into the school hall in procession to the accompaniment of music and dancing. She was garlanded and there was a special meeting. Miss Lee declared a holiday in Miss McDougall's honour. The Garden Party was at 4 p.m. Everybody in the school worked untiringly for it attending to decorations, seating, catering, etc: 27 graduates arrived and all of us took Miss McDougall in a procession to the pandal singing our College Song. After the party, a group photograph was taken and immediately after that the public meeting commenced—Miss Paramasamy, Miss Lee and one Mr. Thurairatnam spoke and I too made a small speech. We had a very picturesque ending which was greatly appreciated. All the Alumnae went in procession to Miss McDougall who was seated on a specially erected 'dais' in front of a Lighted Lamp (Kuttuvilaku) and there was the Women's Christian College shield done in the form of a flower carpet in front of her. Behind her on the wall was our motto "Lighted to Lighten." All the graduates walked up and received a candle from Miss McDougall and lit it from the lamp and stood in neat lines around her and sang the College Song and the Chain of Unity. We presented her with a gold brooch.

That night the staff of Udupiddy had a picnic with Miss McDougall on the beach. She spent the night with Miss Lee and left for Colombo on Friday morning. We had more than 100 people for the Garden Party and everything went off very well indeed. This has been the first time when the Alumnae in Jaffna met in such large numbers—27 out of 32. It was really a grand treat to have Miss McDougall stay with us.

Sivalogamani Subbramanniam.
(1949)

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Miss McDougall in Colombo and Kandy

The distance between Ceylon and college has been greatly diminished for me of late first because of the visit I paid to it from August 24th to September 7th last year, and then because of Miss McDougall's visit from College to Ceylon a few days ago.

The visit to College in August after an absence of eleven years, was wonderfully delightful and exhilarating. Latika who was not quite three when she left in 1939, returned with me as a big school girl of fourteen, very happy to see Madras and College of which she had heard all her life but remembered little. More buildings had sprung up in the College compound, but in most essentials there did not seem to be many changes. It was a special joy to see the charming little Nursery School in Mohammedans' Gardens. What was a dream in 1939 was now translated into a beautiful little building and twentyfive or thirty small folk to whom the little school meant an early childhood full of interest, affection and care.

When Latika and I entered the Air Ceylon 'plane in August on the three-hour flight to Madras, we little dreamt that we would be meeting Miss McDougall at the same air-port in a few months' time. While in Madras I heard from Miss Mason that she had been invited to visit College early in 1951 ; and a few weeks later it was a great joy to hear from Miss McDougall herself that not only was she coming but that a visit to Ceylon and to me at Hillwood, was included in her programme.

Thanks to Miss Anna Oommen's very excellent planning of Miss McDougall's programme, the arrangements for the visit to Ceylon from February 21st to March 1st worked out very smoothly, and a large number of Miss McDougall's old students in Ceylon and a good many College alumnae of later generations too, derived great pleasure from meeting her in Jaffna, in Colombo and at Kandy. Miss Grace Lee Vanniasingham and Miss Ariam Hudson Paramasamy entertained Miss McDougall in Jaffna and she left for Colombo by the Air Ceylon 'plane on the 23rd. Rev Samarasinha and I met her there and she spent the rest of the day and part of the 24th at the Y. W. C A. Guest House in Union Place. On the afternoon of the 23rd, W. C. C. alumnae in Colombo, of Miss McDougall's time, like Miss Kanmalar Mathiaparanam and Miss Thaiammal Jacob, and others from a distance like Dr M. P. Samuel, entertained her to a tea party at the Y. W. C. A. The next morning she was present for a while at a meeting of the Board of Governors of C. M. S. and C. E. Z. M. S. educational institutions in Ceylon held at Ladies' College. After the meeting we walked into the school to see Latika who is now a boarder at Ladies' College, and she spent the remaining few hours till we left Colombo, at the Y. W. C. A. with Miss McDougall and myself. At three in the afternoon we started on our seventy-five mile drive to Kandy and arrived here just before dusk. As we stepped on to the verandah of Hillwood Bungalow, the view over the lake across to the blue mountains in the distance, was very beautiful.

It was a wonderful privilege to me to have Miss McDougall to myself practically all the time for the next few days. There was so much to talk about always Rajeeva who was four when Miss McDougall left in 1938, was now able to help to entertain his godmother. I am very thankful that Miss McDougall was able to have a quiet, restful time in Kandy. But she made five speeches while here and visited a number of places. Miss Coon's grave nestled peacefully in the hill-side, as we walked to it in the bright morning sunshine. Trinity College with its grand carved pillars and unique frescoe paintings of scenes from the life of Christ, interested her greatly. It was a special joy to me and my family when on the last day she was in Kandy, I took her the three mile drive to Katugastota on the river, outside Kandy, to visit my mother who had met Miss McDougall in 1924 and helped to entertain her when she stayed in Kandy a few days.

Rajeeva got a day's leave from school as it was a very special occasion, and he accompanied Miss McDougall and myself as we did the return journey to Colombo on March 1st. At Kegalle, twenty-six miles from Kandy, we stopped to visit Mrs Udalagama (Ellepola) who was at the College for a year from 1930 to 1931. She is the very capable and enthusiastic principal of Balika Vidyalaya, a school founded by her a few years ago.

In Colombo we had lunch at the Women's University Hostel, of which Miss Kanmalar

Mathiaparanam is Warden. Mrs Sugathapala, (Gertie Gunaratnayake), Mrs Anandanayagam (Sathyavathy Tambiah), Mrs Dharmalingam (Christable Raju) were three other old students of Miss McDougall's who joined us at lunch.

At the Air-port more College alumnae and a few husbands too, were assembled. They had a delightful time chatting with Miss McDougall, and Rajeeva took a few photographs until the loud-speaker announced that it was time for passengers to Madras to go on board the aircraft which was ready to take off in a few minutes.

S. Samarasinha.

A Letter from Miss Risley

9, Grand Place,
Antwerp.
9th March, 1951

Dear Editor,

Your request for an article for *"the Sunflower"* caught me at a very bad time. I have had a bad winter with pneumonia and several relapses which made it obligatory to do more "of nothing" as one says in French than of anything useful. I shall just send you this letter-account of myself and hope that you can cut a paragraph or so for the *Sunflower* if it is not already too late.

After Marco Polo returned to Venice, did any of his friends in the Orient write to him, I wonder, keeping him aware of subsequent events? As for me, I am most grateful for the good letters that have come from India and only sorry that I have had to delay so long in answering them.

To pick up the thread, it was particularly pleasant to be able to set sail in August 1949 from Madras itself without a tedious train journey. As we steamed along the beautiful coast picking out land marks I felt that surely I could not be going away from India for always. In the slow seven weeks voyage to Rotterdam, the stops at Cochin, Colombo, Aden, Genoa were the most interesting part and I only regretted not having a reason to see even more port cities.

During the winter, 1949-50, I lived in Antwerp with Madame Le Jeune who visited me at the College in November 1947, and who remembers every moment of her visit with the keenest interest. During the war her house was occupied by German officers and so damaged by near-by bombs that it has had to be razed. She came to live in an apartment in an ancient building which has been in her family for 150 years in the very heart of the city. The City Hall is across the square built in the year that Shakespeare was born. At that time Antwerp was larger and grander than London, indeed it was the metropolis of Western Europe. From our windows we look down on all the official pageantry and many a scene of folk-loric interest as well as all the brides and grooms of Antwerp. All must have their civil wedding in the Hotel de Ville before being married in church.

A stone's throw away is the splendid cathedral, begun in 1352, which has a lovely carillon of 47 bells. From time immemorial these bells have played phrases of an old Flemish folk-song eight times an hour; now, alas, they are silent, awaiting a special wood from Australia to replace the old oak beams that have stood the weather for 300 years and more.

For three and a half months last summer I was in America, timing my arrival to be at Wellesley College for the 75th anniversary celebration. Miss Holt and I had a friend's apartment as headquarters and were glad to welcome Mary Joseph there for what time she was not on visits.

In September I returned to Belgium planning to be of some use to the Belgium Y. W. C. A. which very kindly named me adviser with the pleasant duty of being ex-officio member of all national and local governing boards. Unfortunately I have been all too often kept indoors to justify my title so far.

While in America I had the pleasure of showing my kodachrome photographs of India, so many of them of students of Women's Christian College and of the beautiful views and flowers there. Each time these and when I have talked in Belgium about India it has made me the more eager to go back. My saris never fail to receive exclamations of delighted admiration. Indeed I am every where accused of having left a piece of my heart in India. It's probably true.

Florence A. Risley

(Member of Staff 1946-49)

A 'Holy Year' Pilgrimage to Rome

1950 has been a grand landmark in the annals of the Catholic Church. It was a Holy Year and a great Jubilee year. In response to the appeal of Pope Pius XII, people from all parts of the world went to Rome to participate in the Jubilee Celebrations. In all, it is estimated that four million pilgrims have been to Rome during the course of the twelve months. Many also took the opportunity to visit other places of cultural and religious interest in Western Europe.

The first official batch of Indian Pilgrims were eighteen in all; two priests and an equal number of lay men and women. We took off from the Santa Cruz Aerodrome at 12 o'clock on Maundy Thursday night, scheduled to reach Rome on Saturday afternoon, in good time to celebrate Easter with thousands of other pilgrims.

The Dakota plane was in charge of an experienced and efficient crew. With mixed feelings of uncertainty and confidence we settled in the seats allotted to us. Little did we realise then, how for three weeks the plane was to be a home for us, the seats our niches for relaxation and sleep, while it roared over deserts and seas, plains and mountains.

For refuelling we touched Karachi, but first halt was at Sharjan, 7 a.m., Good Friday. Being night flight so far, we had fared well. After breakfast, when we took off, the Spiritual Director recommended that the time from 8 to 11 be spent in memory of the Three Hours' Agony. Books for the occasion were distributed, rosaries were taken out from coat pockets and hand bags and private devotions commenced. As quarter succeeded quarter, air-sickness casualties were increasing at geometric ratio and when the signal of 'fasten the seat belts' went up for our landing in Basra, only a small minority remained their normal selves. What relief and joy at touching good mother earth! The prayer of thanksgiving was heartfelt and spontaneous.

As we walked to the airport hotel for an hour's rest and lunch whispers went round as to how we would stand another five hours' flight before reaching Nicosia in Cyprus, the place scheduled for the night halt. The problem solved itself pretty soon, but in a distressing manner. The pilot announced that due to a sandstorm the flight had to be postponed, the rest of the day, and the night was to be spent in Basra.

On the face and lips of every pilgrim, there was the same anxious question "How will we reach Rome for Easter Sunday?". More consultation, and then a ray of hope. If the passengers were ready to take off at 2. 30 a. m. on Saturday, there was a good chance of reaching Rome the same evening. We expressed our unanimous assent and then dispersed to the large, luxurious rooms assigned to us in the hotel.

After a few hours' rest, we were ready to go to church for the evening service. A five mile drive brought us to the nearest Catholic Church; the church was small and the congregation was mainly European and American. It was one of our priests that led the devotion of the Stations of the Cross.

We went to bed early, but the howling wind of the desert night kept the inexperienced passengers restless and anxious. The crew knew better; it was only a local disturbance and at the unenviable hour of 2 a. m. we left Basra. A steady flight of five hours brought us to Nicosia—the first landing in Europe. And sure enough, in less than two minutes we were made to realise it. None was to leave the seat before passengers and plane were flitted and fumigated. A stray fly that was in the plane was carefully trapped in a net bag and then the door were opened. A few of us rushed out for a breath of fresh air; but with greater speed they returned with cries of "How cold! Where are our overcoats?" As a souvenir, the travel agents 'Trade Wings' had given us our coats, all of the same material and tailored in the same pattern. One of the party, on a later occasion at a crowded airport, remarked how the onlookers must be puzzled as to which regiment we belonged to.

It was April and the expectation was that the Mediterranean lands would not be cold—might even be very warm. But the temperature was very low and the air port officers said 'The weather is unusual; it is too cold for April;' a refrain that greeted us everywhere. While in London on the 26th of April, it snowed

heavily. England had no snowfall the whole winter and April snow was after thirty-four years!

While the 'plane was being refuelled we had a quick breakfast; the refreshing fruit juice and appetising food were much appreciated. As the Captain was spied in the distance we got ready to move on to the 'plane. "Thunder and storm over Athens. We cannot take off before tomorrow morning. I am sorry," was the announcement. It was a thunder clap for us. The high light of our pilgrimage was Easter in Rome and that which we had eagerly looked forward to for weeks was now denied to us.

Emergency accomodation was arranged in the town of Nicosia. The luxury of Basra was absent, but there was the warm welcome of a friendly and cheerful people. The population is mainly of Greeks and Turks. Of the Christians, a big majority belong to the Greek Orthodox Church and it was fortunate that last year their Easter coincided with ours.

Of the few places we visited in the afternoon, a Greek Orthodox church was of special interest to me. Excepting for the Ikons and the elaborate fresco paintings, the general plan of the Church, the screen and curtains separating the Sanctuary from the nave, the lighted brass lamps, the height arrangement of the chairs suggestive of standing during worship and prayer, were all reminiscent of the old Syrian Churches of Travancore.

When the flight was resumed at seven the next morning, the sky was still overcast and the visibility was not too good. But three and a half hours later we glided into the semi circular airport of Athens.

Athens! memory flitted back through centuries to the grand chapter of Athenian History, and dwelt on the priceless heritage Athens has bequeathed to man. The memory of her great Statesmen, philosophers, poets and artists, was intertwined with the thoughts of Miss McDougall. Extensive as might be the readings and researches her old students do in history, Greek and Roman History would always remain her special realm. In London, when Miss Rowe told her that the previous afternoon she had taken me to the British Museum, the first question was "Did you see the Elgin Marbles, dear?"

In a short while we were again in the air. When once the Isthmus of Corinth was crossed, the aerial view was just the expansive waters of the Mediterranean. We had not yet sufficiently been used to the life in the plane to play cards and other indoor games—popular pastimes for the younger members of the party on the homeward flight. The attractive arrangement and the contents of the luncheon packets caused some excitiment.

When land was spotted again we knew it was Italy and before long the plane was circling over Rome and at 4 p.m. the ground was touched. A few hours too late to receive the 'urbi et orbi' blessing imparted by the Pope.

But the next morning we had our abundant reward. At 8.30 a message reached in that there was to be a Public audience at St. Peter's at 10 a.m. and that tickets for entry had been obtained for us. We reached the Piazza at 9.15 and were amazed at the crowds of pilgrims. We were to enter the Basilica by the central door of the main facade. Those in charge of the entrance hesitated, as the church was full and we were late. A representative from the Central Committee for the Holy year, said 'Pilgrims from India' and at once the instruction was "Come, quick, quick." On entering the church, I noticed that excepting for the central alley every other part was occupied by people, all standing close to one another.

The Papal throne was erected in front of the Confessional and we were led up to the first row on the left side of the throne. It was the most privileged position any one could have had at a public audience. What we saw from there baffled comprehension. At first glance, the interior of St. Peters was startling. The immensity of the building, the many shaded marble walls, the circumference and height of Michael Angelo's dome, the High Altar with Bernini's bronze canopy and gilded spiral columns, these were the architectural marvels that could be seen from where we were. But more absorbing and of greater value was what was going on inside the church.

St. Peter's Basilica—the largest church in the world—was full of people of all nations and languages, drawn together by the same faith and loyalty. The number was calculated as more than twenty thousand. They were reciting prayers, singing hymns and chanting the creed; Our Lord's prayer seemed to

have a special significance for all were children of the same Heavenly Father.

From the Piazza came echoes of acclamation and all expectantly looked towards the central entrance. The acclamations became louder and clearer and in no time the whole Basilica sounded and resounded with the applause of 'Viva la Papa'. Soon the Pope appeared above the heads of all, seated on his Sedia, dressed in white. As he slowly proceeded in his "Sedia *gestatoria*", he was full of smiles, turning from one side to the other, blessing his children and acknowledging their welcome. On reaching the Papal Altar he was taken round the altar, so that people who had assembled on both sides of the cross could see him and receive his blessings.

In front of the throne he got off his Sedia, went up the high dais and took the seat. At a signal from one of the Monsignori, the ovation that had gone on till then subsided and there was silence. Seated, the Holy Father began his speech. He greeted us, expressed his joy in seeing us and with the help of a list he had, he mentioned in each language, groups of pilgrims who had come from different countries. He spoke in six languages, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German and English. With the aid of the loud speakers he could be distinctly heard.

On finishing his speech he quickly came down the dais, went over to the priests and religious who were on the right side. In a few minutes he came over to our side, chatted with a few of us. and as pilgrims from India, gave us a special blessing. He was then led back to the dais Standing in front of the throne and facing the large audience he began the prayer for the final blessing. Kneeling must have been absolutely impossible for the majority. Looking up, I saw the Pope's tall figure standing erect with his arms fully out stretched. He looked up to heaven, prayed in silence for a minute and then he slowly joined his hands saying "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

The audience was over and once again seated on his Sedia he was taken round the altar and along the central aisle, while the tremendous ovation continued. We looked on till he completely disappeared from our gaze and then in silence joined the moving crowds. The audience as an unparallelled expression of faith, loyalty and unity of spirit has left a lasting impression on me and the memory of it will remain a perennial source of inspiration.

Sarah Abraham

(Member of Staff 1934-1945. Now on the staff of Sophia College, Bombay.)

Whatever the occasion

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Miss Masillamani's European Tour

When the Selly Oak Colleges in Birmingham offered me the Dorothy Cadbury Fellowship, and invited me to give a course of talks on India, to the students who were being trained there to go out as missionaries, I accepted the offer, and as the term in Selly Oak commenced only in October, I decided to set out early in April, and spend a few months in Paris. Very soon it was all arranged that I should do some research work in Tamil Literature and Manuscripts in Paris. My visits to Germany and Switzerland were not included in my travel programme though I had often played with the idea of visiting my pen friend in Germany.

On the 11th of April 1949, I left for Ceylon, and after spending ten delightful days in that beautiful island entertained by generous Alumnae of the College in Jaffna, Kurnegal, and Kandy, I sailed from Colombo in 'Maloya' one of the P. N. O. boats.

On the 10th of May, all too soon, we were nearing the shores of Marseilles and when we disembarked there next morning and drove to the Railway Station to catch the train to Paris, I felt I was in a strange land among strange people. But when we reached Paris at midnight, there came into me a feeling of exhilaration and joy at seeing that city of coloured lights; a city where there was so much bustle, life and rush even at that hour of the night.

Paris has come to signify to many, either a tourist centre where rich and fashionable people go to spend a holiday in summer and sit and drink a glass of wine and eat those world famous delicacies for which the French cooks are renowned, or a city where history was made, being the scene of a great Revolution which once for all fixed the ideas of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality in the minds of the people. But what impressed me most as I walked through the streets of Paris, was the richness of that medieval culture which lends colour and meaning to all that happens there now. One lives and moves in the historic past, in a place where great men in art, music and painting flourished once, and have given to the people there a wonderful heritage of beauty, so that the French man's love for beauty is a motivating factor in every sphere of life. Go to a famous museum like the Palais du Louvre and you will see exquisite paintings by artists of international fame—Van Dyck, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci—arranged and exhibited with taste.

At dusk as I returned from the Bibiotheque Nationale, I walked along those broad pavements and saw something of that gay Paris with its allurements of different kinds. True, there were many things that would shock an orthodox Indian, but truer still to say, there were many things which could become part of our rich experience and leave a thrill for life. It is amazing to see the avidity with which the French consume newspapers and books; the keen interest they show in everything that looks new, is strikingly noticeable. Specimens of modern painting exhibited by amateur painters along the pavements of the broad roads is a fascinating sight. The restaurants extend into the pavements, and ladies of leisure sit there and gossip about the latest fashions of Champs—Elysees or the performance of the 'Magic Flute' in the opera house, or the new step in Ballet dancing. Seeng these has made me believe the popular opinion about France, that it is the most intellectually developed country in the world.

It is not surprising that in a country like France where the state gives an allowance to every child that is born, that the children have a delightful time. The spacious parks like the Jardin-de-Luxemburg and the Tuilleries are crowded with chidren whose pastime during the holidays is floating their little wooden boats in the pond, or skating along the gravelled paths on their roller skates.

There are many more memories of the Eiffel Tower, or Versailles.........but they must wait. As I look back to those few months in the great city with such a heritage, culture, and civilization—there is one note of disappointment. It seemed to me that all those excitements, rush and spectacular ways of living have taken away from the people the toughness and the grip that are necessary concomitants of a leading people.

My stay in Germany lasted only a fortnight and I spent most of it in the home of a German pen friend in the little town of Aschaffenburg in the American occupied zone. The most worthwhile part of my stay, was my visit to the castles and villages round about the town, and finally the trip in a steamer on the River Rhine. Between the river and the vine-clad, castle-crowned hills, were nestling all those towns with their narrow streets and gay inns. They were castles or ruins on both sides of the river and neat villages with churches and chapels of artistic beauty. There was a mysterious serenity in that region of the Rhine which has infused so much fertility into that land and made it so very productive. The deep waters of the Rhine made possible the sailing of big steamers and as our steamer sailed along we saw many others carrying coal or other commodities and each bearing the flag of the country to which it belonged. In this land of the Rhine was born the great German poet Goethe. The voyage on the Rhine, and our stay in Rudesheim where we halted to celebrate the wine festival, stand out foremost in my mind. When one saw the utter destruction of castles, houses and bridges everywhere in Germany, one felt sorry for that race which has given us Beethoven—Mendelssohn and a host of other great personalities. But that was not how the French looked at Germany, as can be judged from what one of them said to me, "I belong to France—which was for four years a German occupied country and I can tell you the Germans asked for the plight they are in now" One sympathizes with the French man, but one admires the German for his indetatigable spirit; that spirit has helped Germany to find itself again.

Perhaps more than any other country I had visited, England struck me specially as a Christian country. The Canterbury Cathedral with its rich stained-glass windows, Westminster Abbey with the memorials for the great men of the past, and the singularly, finished cathedral at Salisbury, were awe-inspiring. Many of the centres of learning like the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, have their own private chapels, and as one walked through the cloisters of the chapels where the old monks used to say their prayers in times gone by, one wondered if these places have lost their significance in the life of the students judging from the poor attendance at the chapel. But all the same, there they stand—symbols of Christian Fellowship and inspiration.

The Lake District where I spent a week, and where as you know Wordsworth lived and wrote his poetry is one of the beauty spots of the world. This land of hills, valleys, lakes and vast stretches of barren land where silence reigns, was perhaps well fitted for a nature poet like Wordsworth. I had not realised before that the English paid such tribute to the memory of their great poets. The Cottage where Wordsworth lived, the school where he studied, the places associated with him, the things that he had owned—such as books, letters and curios– are all now maintained and managed by the State. They are in good condition for any visitors to see. As for those yellow daffodils which inspired Wordsworth, 'they stretch in never ending line, beside the lake, beneath the trees, fluttering and dancing in the breeze' and keep my memories of the Lake district ever fresh.

The Ecumenical Institute which is a department of the World Council of Churches, was conducting a conference in Chateau De Bossey, near Geneva, in Switzerland, and I was invited to attend the Conference and to represent India. Nineteen nations were represented in the conference. It was just the beginning of the spring. The air in Switzerland was salubrious and pure—the snow clad mountains formed the background to the picture of the Conference. The subject of the Conference was 'The Christian Family'. The meetings were presided over, and the discussions directed by Dr. Draemer, the author of 'The Christian message to the Non-Christian World' the Book which created such a sensation among Christian and non-Christian circles at the conference at Tambaram. Much as the discussions and lectures on this subject were interesting and instructive, they had very little to do with family conditions in the East.

In Switzerland I felt I was in a country where everything in nature was colourful and bright—the trees, the plants, the sky, the earth and waters of the lake of Geneva; the tiny primroses were beginning to come out in tufts on the green meadows. Walking along the banks of the Lake of Geneva on our way to the shop where Swiss watches

were on sale at cheap prices we turned our heads and saw far away Mont Blanc—the highest peak of this mountain region. To be in Geneva was a great thing—and then to visit the famous United Nations Buildings and be present for a few minutes at the Trusteeship Council that was meeting then, was an added opportunity.

Last, but not least, comes Scotland where Walter Scott's 'own romantic city', Edinburgh was my headquarters. I visited the border countries and heard stories of those old feuds between the Scots and the Englishmen. I was heart broken to see the havoc brought about by the fanaticism of the so-called Reformers whose one chief aim was to bring destruction on all that had the semblance of Roman Catholicism. The abbeys in ruins, stripped of their stained-glass windows, stood there as symbols of that destructive passion. But to see "Abbotsford" the home of Walter Scott, and Loch Lomond of which we have sung again and again—The bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond—was a rare privilege.

Thus ended my tour. On the 25th of August 1951, I sailed from Southampton, in 'Carthage' and reached the shores of Bombay on the 11th of September and to day, what magic could I not conjure up before me of those countries I have seen!

Dear fellow Alumnae, if at any time you are thinking of visiting any of these countries, I shall be glad to give you some tips. Do not hesitate to write to me.

Mary Masillamani

WEATHER SERVICE IN INDIA

The India Meteorological Department is maintained by the Government of India for "the systematic study of the climate and weather of India as a whole and the application of the knowledge thus acquired to the issue of storm and other warnings and daily weather forecasts". In addition to the daily weather reports and torecasts broadcast by various A. I. R. stations and published in newspaper for the general public and the farmers, the service includes the direct supply of weather data and forecasts to civil and military aviation, shipping, fisheries, irrigation, public works etc.

All these are made on the basis of an accurate "measurement of the atmosphere" made at nearly 400 observatories, distributed all over India and on ships in Indian Ocean. The instruments used generally for this purpose consist of an accurate barometer for the measurement of the pressure exerted by the air above, thermometers to measure the temperature and the moisture content of the air, instruments for observing the speed and direction of the wind and a raingauge to record rain. In addition to these, the type and amount of cloud, the direction and speed with which they move and the weather at the time are also observed. Since weather changes continuously and the observations must be comparable, they are taken daily and at the same time at all stations. The observations are telegraphed in code to the Central Meteorological offices at Madras, Calcutta, Delhi, Nagpur, Bombay and Poona, from where they are supplied to all forecasting offices. The data are plotted on special blank charts and forecasts are made from an analysis of these "weather charts", prepared generally twice a day, once in the morning and once at night. The forecaster is thus like a doctor who diagnoses a disease from a study of its symptoms, and tries to forecast its progress; and like the doctor he may also go wrong occasionally in both the analysis and forecast!

Weather at a place depends on the properties of the atmosphere, not only at the earth's surface, but above it. Air currents similar to ocean currents exist in the atmosphere and these move with different speeds and directions over different places. At the same place the winds are different at different heights. Special "upper air observations" are maintained by the Department for the study of the properties of the upper atmosphere.

Measurements of winds up to a height of about 10 miles are obtained daily by about 50 stations in India using hydrogen-filled balloons. These being lighter than air, rise in the atmosphere but also drift horizontally with the wind. By determining the position of the

balloon every minute it is possible to calculate the speed and direction of the winds at various levels. In cloudy weather when visual observation is not possible, they are "tracked" by radar.

Measurements of pressure, temperature and humidity at various heights in the atmosphere are made at a dozen stations in India using larger balloons to carry special instruments called "radiosondes". These are very light, weighing only about 5 lbs and are coupled to small radio transmitters which send signals to the ground as the balloon rises through the air. The signals are received on a special receiver and recorded automatically on a moving tape, and when analysed, give the pressure, temperature and humidity of the air, through which the instrument passed, usually up to a height of 10 miles. In this connection it is interesting to note that measurements of temperature above the earth's surface have shown that the coldest region on the earth is about 10 miles above the equatorial belt (the temperature there is about —80°C.) and not over the poles, as one may be inclined to guess from the temperature near the earth's surface.

It will be seen that for weather forecasting, the forecaster needs a variety of accurate observations from all over the country. And all these require a large number of different kinds of instruments. For the manufacture and standardisation of these meteorological instruments, the Department maintains workshops and laboratories at Poona and Delhi. Till India achieved independence, most of the instruments used to be imported from abroad. During the last four years we have been trying to manufacture all the instruments we require and it is a matter of pride for us that we have now reached a stage when it is no longer necessary to import most of them.

The Meteorological Department is mainly concerned with the weather service in our country. But in addition to this, it maintains an observatory at Kodaikanal for the study of the sun, one at Alibag near Bombay for studying earth's magnetism and a number of seismological observatories for the record and study of earthquakes It may interest you to know that all telegraph offices in India adjust their clocks and give you correct time from signals telegraphed daily at 4 p.m. from our Calcutta observatory, where accurate rated clocks are maintained.

ANNA MANI,

(Intermediate 1934-36)

[After two years' study of scientific instrument in England, Miss Mani is now an officer in the Meteorological Office, Poona.]

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What we do in the Women's Welfare Department

The origin of the organization is interesting in the sense that it was first formed as the Women's Air Raid Precaution Corps and after the war, was renamed I. W. C. C. (Indian Women's Civic Corps) entrusted with welfare work among the poorer classes of women. As the work expanded and became more clearly defined, the name was finally changed to D. W. W. (Department of Women's Welfare). Branches of the D. W. W. were gradually opened in all the important towns in the districts of the State but as more and more emphasis was laid on village uplift, some of the town branches were closed and branches opened in the villages, in the Firkas. The idea of opening branches in the Firkas was that we could have more facilities to work. A few months ago, the D. W. W., which was hitherto existing independently, came under the Rural Welfare Department and this step has helped us in proceeding with our scheme in the villages.

There are, at present, 24 town branches and 47 firka branches. Each town branch has two Welfare organizers, each in charge of three centres located in the poorer localities of the town and each centre works twice a week. The Firka branch has one Women's Welfare organizer with three centres and in addition has a President and a Local Advisory committee consisting of five or six members. They form the band of voluntary workers along with a few others who help the organizer in her work. The work of every two districts of the State is supervised and improved on by the Assistant Women's Welfare Officer and the work of the whole state is supervised by the Women's Welfare Officer.

The back-bone of our work is day-to-day, house-to-house visits. It is then that we get into personal touch with each family and know and understand all their problems and difficulties. The organizer may be a stranger on first sight, a very unwelcome visitor who is looked upon with suspicion, but by and by, through tactful behaviour and conversation, she wins the confidence of the family, becoming a close and intimate friend. They look forward to her visits During each visit she has ever so many odd duties to perform or intricate questions to answer. She dare not return home without some satisfactory achievement; else all the confidence placed in her will vanish in a single day. The worker has to be extremely patient and hardworking, genuinely interested in helping the poor. Although she has a time table to follow, she has often to go much earlier in the morning for her work and return late in the evening. Difficulties to be attended to are numerous and varied. It may be clarifying a doubt about rations, or taking an invalid to hospital, or seeing to a child's admission in school, or helping to take an unemployed woman to the employment exchange, or to get the Corporation's sanction to put up a hut or cowshed, etc. Each area knows on which two days to expect the "teacheramma" or "sister". If perchance the "teacheramma" is ill and is not able to go to her centre, a query either in writing or orally appears at the office. This is very encouraging for it shows how alert the women are to the opportunities offered to them.

The organizer does her house visits and family-survey work in the mornings, and in the afternoon she conducts her community centre. This centre works like a small club. You will find a group of women knitting, a small group making lace, others spinning, weaving and sewing. The slightly educated ones will be in a study circle reading magazines or looking at pictures in "Sowbaggium" or "Madras Information" or "Grama Rajyan". There will also be a group who come merely for recreation after a hard morning's work in a low-roofed dingy little hut. She likes to play "palanguzhi" or hear some singing or just sit and watch others working. Then there is the other very sensitive and shy group struggling, in spite of complexes to learn how to read and write. They are torn between the desire to become literate and the fear that their friends and onlookers will mock at them. These girls and women need special care and attention, for if pains are not taken to encourage their initial interest and enthusiam, they will be found to drop out one by one. Following the Labanch method, it has been found possible to get the industrious women to advance enough to be able to read small story books and write letters.

Activities in the centres are not confined entirely to handicrafts and needlework. This is the means by which the members earn a remuneration to supplement their income.

Their cloth, or laces or bags are sold and the labour wages paid. Some of the subsidiary industries introduced in the different branches are cloth-weaving, mat-weaving, palmyrah work, tailoring and pickle and appalam making.

The most important part of the centre programme however is adult education. Talks and discussions on topics suitable to women in general and mothers in particular are an important feature. Hints and advice on how to build a happy home, how to train children and how to prepare balanced diets are received with appreciation. Cooking demonstrations and interpretation of Nutrition charts are very popular. The lectures and demonstrations by the Nutrition Department of the Women's Christian College are enjoyed very much. Excursions to important places have provided opportunities to widen their knowledge. Since the advent of the Women's Welfare work a definite change has been noticed in the area where work is done. The progress is extremely slow but changes cannot be expected over night where problems are so numerous and work in vicious circles.

Family survey, through house to house visits, has brought to light many a sad case of widowhood and desertion. A 'Service Home' has therefore been opened to house these cases, of course, only the deserving ones, and training is given to them for three years in some vocation according to each person's aptitude and ability. The Home has a strength of about 140, and the first batch admitted are now ready to be employed as higher elementary teachers, housekeepers, 'balasevikas', midwives, tailors etc.

Handling village work, adult education centres and Family-Survey work needs trained workers and therefore the Department of Women's welfare has been running, since the past two years, their Training Institute where women with a genuine interest in social work and with the stamina to withstand all the strenuous work, are trained for house-visits, subsidiary industries and adult education, including adult literacy. They practice community living, so that when their turn comes they can with confidence help the village folk to live loving their neighbour.

It has been found very difficult to get the right type of workers, for each worker needs to have special qualities. There is much discouragement to be faced and many insults to be borne. The physical strain cannot be decribed. But where tangible results are to be seen there is so much joy that one feels it is worth striving on. The problem is great ; there is much to be done. It is encouraging that social service is receiving more and more attention and is being tackled on a nation-wide scale.

Shanti Sudarisanam,
(1935-1937)

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom".—Col. 3 : 16

Evangelical Literature Service

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Westward Ho!

The days have flown by and it seems but yesterday that the 'Moghul Princess' took off from Santa Cruz air port for London. Although the rains had burst in Bombay and the sky was overcast, we were soon above the clouds, flying into a sunset, and the silver wings of the plane gleamed in the light of the evening sun. The clouds rolled below us, and only the faint drone of the machine broke the silence. Occasional messages from the pilot gave us our exact location, altitude, velocity of the wind and the speed at which we were travelling.

After dinner we adjusted our seats and went to bed, to be awakened some hours later by a thud, a scraping and the flash of lights. We were at Cairo, the first stop after eleven flying hours and the time 1. 30 a. m. An hour's stop and we took off again for Rome. At seven in the morning we were at Rome and breakfasted at the air-port restaurant where the waiters were interested to see three of us in saris. The last lap of our flight was before us—Rome to London. Here and there were the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and over large stretches brown rugged hillsides patched with green. Above us were those "long savannahs of the blue." Flying over the Alps, Paris and the Straits of Dover we were at Heath Row air port London at 1 p. m. I could hardly believe that I was in England.

I had the pleasure of staying with Mrs. Taffs the Secretary of the College Board in England. She planned a programme for me which included a food exhibition at Olympia and a meeting with Miss McDougall. Before this goes to press, many of the alumnae of the past thirty-five years will have had that memorable reunion with her.

Three days later I was on the plane bound for New York. Friends of the college were there to greet me and I met many more at a luncheon to Dr. Kagawa. The change did seem too sudden. As I walked down Fifth Avenue I was dazed and felt I had grown shorter by the side of the skyscrapers. The same afternoon I took train to Pougkeepsie about seventy miles up the Hudson, 151 College Avenue, Poughkeepsie—the American 'home' of Miss Florence Theophilus and Miss Moira Breen was no strange place to me. There I had my first experience in an American home. The kindness of those friends, the peace of that little town and the scenic beauty of Vassar's surroundings were a welcome change after a week of travel.

On the 12th of September I reached my journey's end—Chicago—the 'windy city', the third largest city in the world. The vastness of the place and the quick pace at which life moved baffled me. They spoke of north, south east and west—Lake Michigan, they said, was to the east. But I seemed to have lost all sense of direction and it took me a while to settle these controversies in my head! The traffic, moving at fifty miles per hour in the main streets, left me gasping for breath to cross them. Once a kind lady seeing me 'lost' got off her street-car and put me on the right one. Surroundings at the medical school were strange at first, and I felt I knew only my old acquaintances, the white rats! But soon the friendliness and interest of colleagues, the consideration of fellow-students, and the eagerness of others to know more about India made me feel at home.

Life at this settlement house, which serves the working classes in the neighbourhood is stimulating. The majority are Polish' Lithuanian, German or Italian speaking families. The programmes arranged by the settlement house include all-age-groups—from nursery school children to "oldsters." It is fun playing indoor games with a group of teen-age girls each Monday evening. The workers in the settlement come from several states, and this year there have been helpers from Spain, France and Germany. Some are full-time workers while others are residents who give three hours of help each week. At present we are a large family of twenty-one.

It has been a long, cold winter with heavy snow. The last few days have been warmer and I hear it whispered that it "feels like spring", and that the snow drops are pushing their way through the snow. I love to think of those trees in our College compound which will be bursting into bloom very soon. Some here are watching their tulip bulbs and hyacinths grow. Home, College and Chicago—they are all close to each other; for we find pleasure, and delight in the same things. As the man who works the lift in school told me, "People are the same everywhere.,"

Ratna Arulanandam.

Village Evangelism

As we left the main road and drove the touring van along the track among the foothills the road gradually became worse. Twice we got out and filled in ditches so that the vån could proceed. After several miles we said, " We must walk from here ". The Biblewoman and I set off with a coolie carrying our luggage. The driver took the van back to Nagalapuram for the night.

They said it was three miles and a half to our first village, Kaiveli· When we arrived there we asked for the teacher. There is no school and the teacher from Beerakuppam, nearby, looks after the church. He had not arrived so we sent a boy to fetch him and we started visiting the people. At each Christian house we called the women to come to the meeting. Some of the women were just returning from their day's work in the fields, and as they came we invited them.

Soon the women, Christian and Hindu alike, had gathered and the teacher arrived. We sat on the floor in the mud and thatch church, and the women sat round us in a semicircle. First of all we asked them to sing a lyric, but we had to do most of the singing ourselves. They did not know any lyrics well because in the church services they are shy and leave the singing to the men. It was soon after Christmas so we asked them about the Christmas story. Some of them knew a little, but we were sorry to see how little. We told the story of the birth of Jesus, and about the shepherds and the Wise Men ; and we talked of how we celebrate Christmas. They were interested and happy and it seemed such a pity that there was no one to go on teaching them after our visit.

Having said our " Goodbyes " we set off in the dusk for Beerakuppam with lamps lighted, the teacher leading the way. The path lay through villages and across fields. Soon it was quite dark. Bright lights appeared in the distance and as they drew nearer we saw that they were torches in a procession of large images.

At Beerakuppam the wife of the teacher holds a class for the women several nights a week. Soon the younger girls who belonged to the class had gathered, and while we were waiting for the older women to come for the meeting we had a happy time singing and asking and answering questions. They danced kummis, too, which they had learned in the class. After the meeting the teacher's wife gave us rice and curry in her house and put two string cots in the church for us to sleep on. We were very tired but the villagers were interested and had many questions to ask before they finally left us to sleep.

Next morning we set off early for Palayam. The sun was just rising ; it was a cool morning with dew on the grass and white clouds sitting on the tops of the hills. In Palayam the women were doing their morning work about the house, and in answer to our invitation promised to come to the meeting. While we waited, sitting on a string cot outside the church, we talked with the teacher's wife about the Women's Class which had been a good one but which no longer met. She explained how some of the keener members had married and moved away to other villages. She promised to hold a class regularly if we could persuade the women to attend.

Soon a group of women had gathered and we went into the church. We told them the story of Peter's denial and tried to show them how they too denied Jesus in various ways. We talked of the need to learn about Jesus if we are to do His will and showed that they should take the opportunity of learning in the Women's Class. They promised to start attending again and to come regularly. With this promise they left to do their day's work in the fields.

At noon we were due at Kanavaram, so after an early lunch we set out and walked two miles through dried-up fields to the village. Kanavaram is quite large but when there was a mission school there very few children attended. Numbers were too small, the Government refused to give a grant and the school had to be closed and the teacher with-drawn. The teacher from Palayam holds a service on Sunday but otherwise no meetings are held.

After a time the church was full for our meeting. We had invited the women, but the men came too. They were all interested and joined in happily. The sad part was their persistent appeal for a teacher to look after the

church. As in so many other villages we had to try to explain that since they had not sent their children when there was a school they cannot now have a teacher living there – there is no money to pay.

The distance from Kanavaram to the road was five miles. The country was very stony and we were glad when we reached the main road and found our touring van waiting. Thus ended the first part of our tour.

One Sunday morning some months ago I went to a village with the Minister in charge of the Pastorate to see the women's class. The members were mostly very young. They sat at the front of the congregation and sang lyrics and answered questions with enthusiasm. Some of the men were keen to answer but were not allowed to do so; instead they listened intently, and those who had daughters in the class felt very proud of them. It was a happy picture of the Church as a family.

One of the difficulties that the teachers' wives have to meet is to persuade the older women that they need to study, or even that they are able to learn. A long day's work in the fields and a family at home leave very little time for class attendance, but they give plenty of opportunity for gossip and quarrelling, or alternatively for setting a Christian example. It therefore gives us special joy to see classes where the older women meet regularly each evening and take part wholeheartedly. At Palavakkam there is such a group. In the class they answer questions intelligently and unselfconsciously, they sing lyrics and dance kummis enthusiastically, and they take their part in church services They feel their responsibility for their church and at Harvest Festival time, the occasion of special giving by the village, the Women's Class makes its own special effort for the collection. All is done so happily that one feels these women are learning the spirit of Christ.

We go to many villages, some on the roadside, a few to which we have to walk long distances; some with flourishing schools and churches, some with just a few Christian families and not much knowledge of the Gospel. Everywhere we are welcomed by the smiling faces of those who recognise us as old friends or greet us with curiosity as new ones. We see how the teaching and fellowship of a good women's class can change the life of the women and through them the life of the church.

During the next two months examinations will be held for the classes; not written examinations, for most of the women are illiterate; but group examinations, happy events when the women show what they have learned during the year, and dance kummis, sing lyrics and act dramas.

To go from village to village encouraging the women to be faithful in their class attendance, and encouraging the teachers' wives to persevere when difficulties and indifference arise is a happy task.

O. S. Edwards.

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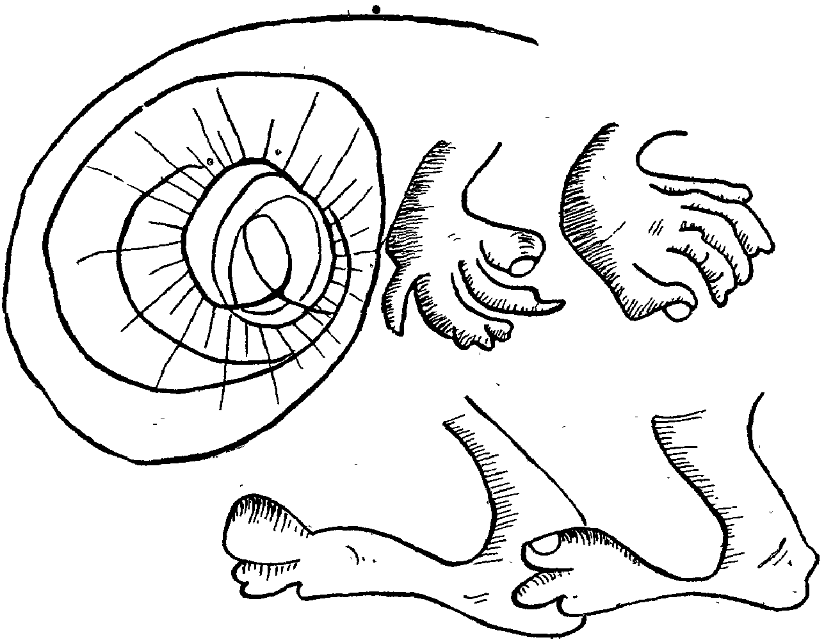
The Soul of an Artist - Affandi

My foot, my hand, my sun*



With my sun for my Life, I work
With my hands and progress with my feet.

'Back to the People' is the slogan of two modern Art Associations started in Djakarta and Bandung. Sudjoyono, Resobowo, Agus and other Indonesian artists formed the first group about 1938. Contemporaneously, led by Affandi, Hendra, Barly and others, the second group got started at Bandung. Jodjakarta, capital of the Republic of Indonesia, became the headquarters of both the groups during the Indonesian Republic.

Artists of the New Indonesia (Seniman Indonesia Muda, or simply, S. I. M) under Sudjoyono are interested in Indonesian Art for the people. People's Artists (the Pelukis Rakyat) led by Affandi aim to popularise art among the common people. Other new groups of artists have followed these two, like the 'Pelangi' of Solo, 'Djiwa Mukti' of Bandung, and the 'United artists' of Djakarta and its branch at Sukabumi.

In Madras, at the Museum, an exhibition of contemporary Indonesian Arts was held under the auspices of the South Indian Society of painters (20th—28th Jan. 1951). It was a one man show by Mr. Affandi, along with some collections by other Indonesian Artists. "Affandi, his wife Marjati,

*This is the symbol of Affandi. Affandi means "by the symbol"

and Kartika his 16 or 17 year old daughter," formed an interesting artistic group among the hundred and twentyfive and more colourful exhibits, covering the walls of an entire room, most of them huge canvas paintings, of oil and water colours, held up by rough bamboo, frames.

The soul of Affandi, seeks for the 'human' and the 'alive' in the heart of the streets, in tea shops, in rice fields, in schools, in death, in poverty, and in the local gossip. The burden of his theme is the Common Man, his struggles and sorrows, his sufferings and aspirations. To quote his own words 'Pain and sorrow, and all that is human shakes me, and I paint it.' What has Affandi to do with Michel Angelo or Leonardo-da-Vinci? He does not like them. He is hurt by their super-humanism. He is human first and human last. His favourite painters are Brengel, Goya and Von Gogh.

The first reaction to his art makes one wonder: Why is the artist so engrossed with the shadier, sadder and grotesque in human nature? Has the common man no joyousness of life? What of Affandi himself—was his an unhappy past which projects itself everywhere? But, the calm, quiet happiness of Affandi and his little family makes one realise with a start, that the artist is not a stranger to the beautiful, refined and joyous in life. One instinctively knows that his human mind is highly sensitive and alert to all this and that his crude paintings are but a reaction to the intense feeling power of the man, which seeks in vain, in the common man, these very qualities, which by all human rights ought to be there.

When a highly sensitive soul comes face to face with the tragedies of life, that soul and life must both benefit by the contact. The soul of the individual loses its dross and gains an inner loveliness, and life, stripped of all its useless, ugly strappings, stands simple, clean and naked, the 'nude' of the artist. The soul of an artist touches or strives to touch that which is beyond form and shape, time and space, the eternal essence in the heart of all things. The war between the endless 'putting on' by the physical and material, and the endless stripping off by the spiritual and the ideal is caught as it were by the intuitive genius of an artist who stands between the borderland of both, watching the conflict.

'Lacrimae Rerum—the tears in things' is said to be one of Virgil's greatest phrases. 'The heartbreak in the heart of things' is more typical of Affandi's mood than the Wordsworthian 'Still, sad music of humanity'. Painting after painting, brings home forcibly, the immense pathos which runs through life, in all its various manifestations. 'The People's Feet' depicts only feet, crude, hard, and naked, on crude, hard, naked earth. The Blind Boy, The Sick Woman, The Belaboured Spy, The Profitless Gossip, the Three Beggars, a Plague Nest, his Eczemaed Foot, these are there, everywhere—grim realities. The idealist may give to the world roses without thorns, but Affandi must give to the world, the Common Man and all that he IS.

Mr. Affandi is a patriot. 'The Dead Bird' in a strong, hard, speaking hand is symbolic. A live bird was trampled by him, by his cruel foot—the fate of a common bird. In his fight against the re-imposition of colonial rule he and his family were arrested. He fought for the common man through his art, his brush was the weapon, the posters and war pictures. 1950 saw, the celebration of the 5th Anniversary of the Indonesian Republic. Affandi has preached his dumb-eloquent sermon. The common man may rise up and claim as his right, all those supernatural qualities which all aristocratic artists down the ages have strained in vain to capture and portray.

Ruby Bedford.

EXTRACTS FROM 'COLLEGE NEWS'

That Strange, Uncanny Something...

Have you hurtled down an elevator shaft ?
Felt that upward rushing, eerie, chilly draft
Down in your inside ? 'Twas that
Strange uncanny something, that
I cannot understand.

Have you heard Robeson's rich Bass, Baritone,
Melodious with a richness his alone ?
Rising deep down in his soul
So fraught with feeling, music rolls
Right down your inside ;
And that strange uncanny something
Leaves a pain you cannot hide.

Have you seen the Tabebouia tree in flower ?
And stood in spellbound rapture 'neath that bower
Of pink white blossoms ?
Did not the sudden impact
Of its beauty on your mind
Effect that strange uncanny something
Neither you nor I can find ?

When you suddenly awoke one black midnight.
Gripped by panic; fumbled, fumbled for a light
And no light came ;
The room was thick with silence
Pressing, pressing on your chest.
Did you feel all cold and empty
And increasingly oppressed ?
'Twas that strange uncanny feeling
That can hardly be expressed.

Hilmi Philip.

THE TEMPEST

The twenty-fifth of August was a day of hectic activity aud excitement in the College as it was the first day of our yearly Shakespeare production, to which everyone without an exception keenly looks forward. The finishing touches were being feverishly put to the costumes and various other knick knacks and many of the actors were going about with harassed looks on their faces.

There was a large audience on both evenings and not only was every single, available chair used, but many of those who came were left standing. On the first night, there was a boisterously appreciative crowd who seemed most taken up with Ariel's nimbleness in running up the tree and perching on the branches and also with the two ferocious "nymph dogs", who so vigorously set about their task of tormenting that unfortunate trio—namely Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

The story of the Tempest is one which needs no telling ; so I shall not go into a long winded account of the plot but shall confine myself to saying how well the actors acquitted themselves. One can confidently say that no one proved to be a square peg in a round hole. The wise and aged Prospero, his fair, innocent daughter Miranda, his devoted sprite Ariel, the under dog Caliban, and last but certainly not least, those two drunken, reeling and uproariously funny characters—Stephano and Trinculo, all suited their roles perfectly and appeared completely at home in the parts assigned to them.

The role of Ferdinand is usually enacted with such ardour and passion, that it was quite refreshing to find that our Ferdinand showed some of the reluctance and awkwardness that could be expected of a young boy confronted with the radiant loveliness of Miranda.

The Ariel who stole our hearts, from the first moment she flitted on to the stage, was all that she should have been—the elusive, airy sprite, as changing as quicksilver, now petulant, now full of teasing, mischief and now wistful for her long promised liberty.

We were lucky in having an excellent Prospero as well, who with his artful manoeuvring of the affairs in his little kingdom, succeeded in bringing about such a happy and satisfying end.

The difficult role of Caliban was handled so well that the brutish, morose, earthy nature of the character seemed quite native to the actor ; I am sure no one would have believed that she had had to rehearse her exacting part in an incredibly short time.

I cannot pass over the other characters without making special mention of the splendid acting of dear old Gonzalo with his well-meant, incessant prattle which could never be quelled even by the superiority of his companions, Antonio and Sebastian.

I have not the time or space to do full justice to those regal goddesses who made such a colourful picture on the little, green island and to the nymphs who so airily executed the tripping measure at the command of their mistress Iris, dainty in her rainbow hued gossamer.

What struck me a great deal while watching the play was the delightful feeling of freshness and spontaneity with which the actors played their parts. So often, on watching a play, one feels that the actors are sick and tired of their parts and want to get it over as soon as possible. But, it was quite different in our production of " The Tempest ". Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban, for instance, certainly did not look worn out with rehearsals—they were enjoying themselves, hugely, and the audience enjoyed themselves, hugely, too. And, for this charming spirit in which the play was acted, to whom does credit go if not to the producer ? We could not have had a more enthusiastic producer than Miss Moore and all credit for the success of the play goes to her. She has worked, indefatigably, for the past many weeks and her interest never seemed to wane. I have marvelled, watching her evening after evening, taking rehearsals and spending all her spare time on the countless little tasks that are the lot of a producer. But enthusiasm is not all that is needed of a producer—Miss Moore has done her work so well that she has been able to impress her actors without destroying t h e i r individuality—a delicate and rare achievement. If Shakespeare himself had been present, I think another thing he would have approved of was the simple way in which his play was produced. There was none of that cumbrous shifting of paraphernalia which detracts from the interest of the play and also leaves nothing to the imagination, though actually one did not have to use much imagination as our open-air theatre could not have made a lovelier and more realistic enchanted isle. At the end, even as the last strains of "Where the bee sucks," died away, Prospero's magic seemed to linger over the stage and I was loathe to go, though the actors had left and the play was over.

Vilasini Govindan, II.

Anna Joseph, II.

Miss Muriel Lester's Speech

(A REPORT)

We thought it a great privilege to hear Miss Lester, who was introduced to us as a friend of India and one who is doing much to foster world peace. Miss Lester had visited our College once before and had carried away memories of our beautiful and peaceful chapel.

She said that we can have energy equal to that of the atom bomb if we remember God. We can use the energy for creative purpose and then it would only be one of the many gifts that God has showered on his people. If we care to accept it, this vitality will give us courage, faith and hope. We could do nothing if God did not breathe his creative power into us. In each country there are Ministers of Information. Often they leave out everything bad about the friends of the country and the good about its enemies; We have been given understanding to choose what is right and to follow blindly the decrees of men, and we must realise that there are splendid characters in every country. She belonged to the Fellowship of Reconciliation which began in Oxford during the last war. Some felt it madness for thousands of men, decent farmers and labourers of England to kill the decent farmers and labourers of Germany. They felt that it was against the will of God who is a Creative Spirit. They formed a society which spread to other nations and places. The Government realized the value of their work and when war was over, gave them facilities to spread their ideas. The members of the Society in each country worked patiently against the particular evil in each place. God has given us free will to struggle against evil and we can fight with more than normal power if we remember Him. Such work may not be pleasant, but these experiences strenghen one.

She spoke also of a Swiss friend who thought it wrong to be a soldier as Christ has preached of returning good for evil. For two centuries after Christ no Christian joined the army. After Constantine became a Christian deterioration set in. Christians thought that they could fight for him as he was a good man. He thought of forming an army which people could join in order to do creative work: manual labour was compulsory. The army was formed, and members began to go where help was needed, even into the heart of fighting, all unarmed. Many people, she said, continually talk

of Bapuji, but do not do the thing he wanted. Gandhiji told her and her Swiss friend what went into the making of a good leader. He should seek nothing for himself, neither pleasure, nor riches, nor power, but should remember God twenty-four hours a day. Once you seek pleasure you are obsessed by it and it becomes your tyrant. There is corruption everywhere because people seek riches. What we must seek is the power which can set things right. This power comes from God. The victims of Hitler's torture had told her that they did not regret the suffering they had undergone as they had learnt much, and had found how real God is.

Miss Lester said that she wished to speak to us as it was we who would create public opinion in the future. College students who have been given so much should do something for the well-being of others. We must not fritter away our lives but use them for a great purpose.

Ruby Gnanamuthu, III

Dr. LEUNG

On Tuesday, October 10th, at about 8-30 p.m. we all met in the Common Room to Meet Dr. Leung who gave us an informal talk on China. Dr. Leung is the General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in China, and he was here attending the International Students' Conference. Whenever we have friends visiting us from Japan or China we have great fun trying to pronounce their names correctly.

We were all eagerly looking forward to hearing him, especially during these days when Communists are at war with the nationalists. His short talk was on Communist China and the attitude of the Chinese towards the growing idea of Communism. The numerous questions asked both by the staff and students showed the keen interest with which we listened.

Dr. Leung told us that the people of China have begun to recognise the Communist Government; though they are not compelled, they are being persuaded to follew a strong Communist programme. A singular feature of the present Government is that one has neither freedom of speech nor freedom of silence.

Speaking of the educational system, universities are increasingly forced to follow the texts prescribed by the new government: The Christians do not have as much freedom as they once had; but they are not persecuted.

He added that a radical change is found in the attitude of the people after the Communist invasion. The invaders he said were well disciplined and the people respected them. He also added that food scarcity is hardly felt in China as the distribution of food is well managed. Bribery and corruption which were rampant under the nationalist regime no longer exist. To illustrate the breaking down of social barriers he told us how a peasant who was trying to push a cart which got stuck in the middle of the road was helped by a general who passed by in a jeep. He said that such a thing was unheard of during the days of nationalist China. A general would have just driven over the cart completely disregarding the peasant. But now Communism has taken root and has practically changed the life of the Chinese. He said that Communist China now holds sovereign authority over the Chinese mainland. Those who do not like it can not get away from the fact that the Communist regime has come to stay in China with popular approval. At the end of the meeting he was surrounded by autograph hunters. He was very interested in the Chinese Scroll which hangs in our common room.

R. Kanakanayagam, I.

My Favourite Spot in College

It is indeed difficult to decide which my favourite spot is in a college which itself is a beauty spot with stately trees clad in emerald, vast velvety lawns, flowers multi-coloured and magnificent buildings, all embraced by the winding Cooum.

Right in the heart of the buildings and greenery is the beautiful lotus pond—the lotus in which never fails to bloom. But somehow it has happened that another spot that I frequent has captured my fancy more. It's just opposite the Doveton House, right in the garden. I love to sit on the garden seat just below the clock tower facing the chapel which stands in such solemn grace. This position commands the view of part of the drive, a russet lawn and a

lovely flower garden. At the farthest end is visible the games-field which spreads like a park. This is my favourite spot. I frequent it in the mornings and sit there for full two hours devoting my time to books and the beauties around me. I go to the spot before 6 o'clock when the grass is fresh with dew-drops which sparkle and make the lawn look like an emerald carpet studded with innumerable brilliants. The flowers in the garden are freshblown and washed with dew. The jasmines on the twisted briars, which opened in the night air fall one by one to deck the ground as though they were weary of waiting on the branches. The cool fresh morning air blows laden with the perfume of the jasmines. The bees and the butterflies, most industrious, flit fantastically from bloom to bloom. The dew drops on the petal startle the bee and the flower with the heaviness of the bee stoops low and the dew-drop rolls off into the grass. The honey sucker with a flutter of its tiny wings quits the bougainvillea and approaches the flowers. With what amazing skill it balances in mid air till the nectar is drawn out. The squirrel with its cautious tail up hurries across. Its shrill cry disturbs the tranquility of the morn. It comes darting down the tree, suddenly realises my presence, is startled, and flits back with a chirp.

Beyond the drive at a considerable distance the dewy grass looks misty. The first rays of the sun form intricate designs on the lawn. As the first streaks of dawn appear the gardeners approach with their pots. They greet each other with a chew of beetle. The ayahs like silent sentinels walk along the flower beds with scissors. The choice of the flowers is wholly theirs. It is a pleasant sight to see them with bunches of flowers in their hands stopping to exchange a few words with their fellow ayahs. As these women go, the office peon appears with an air of superiority, gathering flowers for nosegays. His job is to pick out the small flowers and the gardener invariably helps him in choosing them. As he goes off, for the final gathering comes the butler with his rolling eyes greeting you 'good morning, Ammah.' He cuts the bigger flowers and off he goes. In the meantime the gardeners arrange themselves at convenient distances and exchange pots of water. The sun slowly rises. The warm rays devour the dew-drops as if they had endured intense thirst during the darkness of the night.

Every morning it happens thus. I love to sit on the spot and enjoy the beauty around undisturbed.

R. KANAGANAYAGAM, *I.*

Miss McDougall's Speech to the College

(A REPORT)

As we flocked into the Assembly Hall on the Friday morning that Miss McDougall was to speak to us we were very surprised to see her perched up on the floor of the stage watching the chattering groups of students with very obvious enjoyment. However, she soon disappeared and came in the proper way accompanied by Miss Mason.

After being garlanded amidst very hearty clapping, our President Thilagavathy welcomed her most warmly on behalf of all the students. She spoke of how we saw Miss McDougall's portrait at the entrance of the Science Building every day and of how we had looked forward to meeting the real person. Then Miss McDougall herself arose to speak. (Miss Gnanadickam who had kindly offered to be her human microphone was soon dispensed with for every word of Miss McDougall could be heard very distinctly, right up to the galleries above). From her really astonishing memory that seemed to see all the past before her like a moving-picture she unfolded to us the story of our college and never had we listened to any speech with more absorbed interest.

" Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another "—these were the first words ever spoken in College-Hall, said Miss McDougall who said them when asked to try the acoustics. And the first words ever spoken from the pulpit of our Chapel were, " Blessed be the Lord God for he hath visited and redeemed his people ", which seem to have been very fitting words, she said, for " the aim of the College is besides other things to help to promote the Kingdom of God." She said that she had always considered the most important part of college-life to be not the academic side—the books and lectures—but the influence that the students get from

teachers and environment—"An Education that pervades the whole being", in her own words.

She first thought of starting a women's college in India in 1914, but the question of finances had made the idea imppossible. Then a college in London then consisting of sixty students gave their departing Principal a gift of money which she gave to Miss McDougall and so, helped by twelve missions in England and America the beginnings of a college came to be in Madras. A building in Poonamallee High Road which nobody wanted because it was said to be haunted (I wonder if it really was) was rented. There were twenty resident students and twenty-non-residents The curriculum was much the same as it is today but, the building soon proved to be not nearly big enough. There were two classes in one room, for example. But where was the money for a bigger establishment to come from? This was the question the staff asked themselves one evening and that very evening a Mrs Peabody sent a gift from America—and so in the summer of 1916 they moved into the present Doveton House.

In 1918, Mrs Dodd and her "little girl" arrived. Then one night in that year there was a terrible cyclone—trees were blown down and the roofs of houses fell in. It seemed like the prelude to something really important. The next day Peace was announced. The Great War was over.

The constitution of that early college must have been very like what we had before we organized student self-government—it had a college-committee with different activities committees and of course a Senior Student; and this was one thing Miss McDougall thought she has been especially lucky in—the long line of exceptionally outstanding Senior Students that she has had; every one of whom, she said, was now carrying out the College's aim in doing useful work in the service of India.

In 1920 Miss McDougall went to America and was met at the wharf by Mrs Peabody. They talked the college over together and decided that they needed new buildngs. The ever resourceful Mrs Peabody offered to collect the n e c e s s a r y money and so she did. Mr. Rockfeller, the millionaire, promised to double the amount collected. In two years every women's college in Canada and America had contributed and she was able to collect three million rupees.

Also in generous America, at a meeting in Boston, Miss McDougall received the money with which the chapel was built. "Wouldn't you like to give her a lovely chapel to pray in"? Mrs Peabody asked the audience. The same evening an anonymous contribution of 10,000 dollars came in. As Gandhiji said reading the inscription in our chapel, which runs: "To the glory of God, from an Unknown American Friend".—"If all gave to the glory of God and remained unknown it would be better for India"!

By this time we were all too interested to want Miss McDougall to stop but it was 12 o', clock and she was as ever punctual. There seemed to have been something very wonderful about the making of our college. Every difficulty seemed so miraculously determined to smooth itself out as if to say, "This college must be built quickly for it has a great work to fulfil in the service of India".

Anna Joseph, II

CHANGES

The senate this year felt that our usual method of nominating the students for the President was rather unsatisfactory. Until now, nominations signed by two students were sent in and the names of the first three or four students, who were nominated by the most number of students were put up for election. Since all the students did not feel the importance of nominating the particular student they wanted to put up for election, sometimes the names of students who ought to have been sent up for election, were kept back, because they had been nominated by just one or two people; while the names of those who need not have necessarily been chosen were sent up. The senate felt that this was rather an unfair system, and so it appointed a Committee to work out a more satisfactory method.

The Committee suggested the following method, which was approved by the senate. "Previous to the election of the president, there would be a preliminary nomination by secret ballot, when every student is expected to give in her nomination. A committee would go through the nominations. Any student who

gets a two-third majority over the others is automatically elected president. Otherwise the names of three students who were nominated by the most number of students would be sent up for election.

We hope this new system will prove as successful in the future years as it did this year.

C. K. Moses, *III*

First Days in the Garden Hostel

Pioneering has always been considered a very fascinating pastime and it was imbued with that spirit that I volunteered to live in the new hostel before it had been completed. That was not my only reason for going there, it must be confessed; showers in the bathroom, neat built-in wall-cupboards and the thrill of being the first to occupy a new building, all had a share in drawing me there. But I got more than I had bargained for.

I very soon discovered that the hostel was miles away from everywhere but the games-field and that is no great advantage. If I was to be punctual, as I have always been taught to be, I would have to start a good five minutes earlier than I would otherwise have to. Not being the possessor of a watch and with the clocktower coyly disappearing behind the Bungalow I had no other means of gauging the time than the sun and the stars. The result was that I would rush into places at the 59th second to be greeted with glacial stares from the powers that be.

The showers to which I had so ardently looked forward with the fond hope that they would conquer my natural antipathy for water played a very dirty trick on me. I turned one on gently, but no water. Reasoning that it was only because of the prevalent water scarcity I turned it on full, to be nearly knocked down by a powerful blast of water. By the time I have recovered sufficient presence of mind to turn the shower off I found that the clothes I had hung on the hooks on the doors (I had thought those hooks to be so conveniently fixed at one time) were now soaked. I returned to my room wiser but no cleaner. Complaints about the showers caused them to be turned down and being no dwarf I have to do toe-touching exercises every time I have a bath.

The cupboards too were not all they seemed to be. There is only one rack in them ; so relegating my clothes to a place under my mattress I hung my towel on the rack. When I next wanted to use it however, I found it to be as wet as ever. The solving of an easy problem on rate of drying assured me that I could expect a dry towel once every three days.

After I had lived in the hostel for a couple of weeks, a moat like drain was built round it. Water was left standing in it – to settle the concrete they said. That concrete like the present international position needed a lot of settling and in the meantime a few thousand mosquitoes discovered it to be an ideal nursery. At nights when I would lay me down to sleep a faint buzzing gradually increasing to fortissimo would warn me that I was in for a sleepless night. I did not want to use a mosquito net because our rooms are always on show, so to speak, and four uneven poles are not the best means of decoration. For a week my aesthetic sense triumphed but after that time outraged nature had her way and I now cosily snuggle inside my curtained bed listening to the strange lullabies my thwarted musicians play.

The hostel like all things worthwhile is very difficult to reach. The path leading to it is hard and narrow, the going at the last bit being a cross between long jump and an obstacle race. You reach the entrance dead-beat only to find that concrete has been freshly laid and you have to make a wide detour to reach the longed for haven of your room.

People always say that you can't have too much of a good thing but that does not apply to the windows in our rooms. Four large, wide windows ensure proper ventilation but they also destroy privacy. Tall or short, anybody passing by can see right through our rooms. The result is that undressing has become a major problem.

Wet paint with a remarkable affection for my clothes and backpatting half doors are only a few of the minor inconveniences.........

But strangely enough after writing all this about the hostel I now find that I can live nowhere else—I love it so. Many days have

passed since I wrote the above and as it goes to the Press a metamorphosis has taken place—neat concrete slabs cover what was once the anopheletic nursery, a wide avenue links us up with the rest of the College and racks have been provided to ease the dying situation. And now that I think of it I *was* a bit too hard on the showers.

Anne Abraham, *II*

STAFF ACTIVITIES

Arrivals :—

Miss Pearson came back from furlough this year.

Miss Rachel Wolff came from America to be our Administrative Assistant.

Miss Masillamani came back from England.

Miss Sulochana M.S.C. has been Botany Lecturer this year.

Dr. Sarojini returned to the Botany Dept.

We have started our B. Sc Chemistry in the Home Science Dept. and Mrs Kamakshi M. Sc. (Hons) is lecturer in that course.

Miss Ninan, has been lecturing in Philosophy this year. While in America, she specialised in Child Education and Psychology. She is joining the Lawrence Memorial School, Lovedale, Nilgiris, this year, to take charge of the Nursery School Dept.

Miss Bertha Corfield arrived from America to join the English Dept.

Miss Edwards will return to the Physics Dept next year.

Departures :—

Miss Mason is going on furlough.

Miss E. Theophilus (History) is going to Oxford for further study.

Miss M. Chacko (English) is going on leave.

Mrs Sakuntala (Physics Demonstrator)

Miss Janavi Mallya (Botany Demonstrator)

Miss Lakshmi, who has been in the Physics Dept for the last three years is going to carry on further studies and research in Andhra University.

Mrs Menon, an old student, was teaching English for two terms until Miss Corfield arrived.

Miss Sakuntala Gurubatham (Maths) is leaving to get married.

News of former students and Members of Staff :—

We are very glad to let old students know that Miss Rowe will be coming back to College in 1952.

Very good reports are being received of Ratnabai Arulanandam, from America.

Sarojini Gopalakrishnan (1947) receives the C. S. V. Diploma (1951) and will be leaving to be married to Samuel Devanesan, B A.B.T., B.D. Professor in the Theological Seminary, H.K.B.F. Sipoholon, Sumatra, Indonesia—our first foreign missionary.

Ravamoni Gnanamuthu (1915-1916) now Mrs Augustus Thangaswami, is living in Palamcottah where she was the branch leader of the Women's Welfare Dept. and is now an active member of the Guild of Service. The Mothers' Union, and several Committees. She is the mother of 6 children and grandmother of five. Her address is :— c/o Mr. P. A. Thangaswami, M.L; M.L.A. "Beulah" Palamcottah.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

B.A. Degree :- 76% passes. (One student obtained the first place in the Presidency in Zoology).

B. Sc. Degree :— 100% passes.

Intermediate :—

93% passes (Half of these were first-class passes)

Prizes

The Miller Medal—for the best candidate in the University B.A., Exam 1950,-Anna Verghese.

The Pentland Prize :- for the best candidate in the Intermediate Exam 1950—Mariamma John.

Special Pentland Prize - C. K. Moses.

The Edith Coon Science Prize—for the most outstanding Science student in Class III—divided between K. Menon and Susy Eapen.

The Senior Miller Scripture Prize :- Anna Verghese.

The Junior Miller Scripture Prize:- M. Augustus and Beulah Kanakaraj.

The Margaret Bretherton Prize.- for the best work in English in Class I - divided between A Joseph and K. Ganapathy.

The Mary C. Jacob Memorial Prize.—for the most distinguished student in University B. Sc. Examination - Anna Joseph.

Tamil Prize.- 1st - Gladys Vedamanickam (Cl.IV) 2nd - Ranjini Pithavadian (Cl.I) and S. Rukmini (Cl. I)

Malayalam Prize - 1st P. Vinodini (Cl II) 2nd. Susamma Thomas (Cl.I)
Hindi Prize.- 1st. Radha Bhat (Cl.III) 2nd Manorama Savoor (Cl.III)

NEWS OF OLD STUDENTS OF 1950

Many of the class of 1950 have seriously taken up work. Some are teachers; others are training for that job.

Among those who are teaching are :-

Ruth Devanesan in a Methodist School in Wariyur, Trichinopoly.

Margaret Gnanaiah in St. Ebba's Madras.

Canagamani Candiah in Ceylon.

M.P. Annamma at Mavelikara in Travancore.

Mariamma Thomas at Pathanamthitta in Travancore.

Maragatham Abel

Gnanaratnam Eliathamby in Ceylon.

Rachel Simon in St. Mary's College, Tuticorin (She takes Logic for the Intermediate).

Nina Krishnamma in Good Shepherd Convent, Madras.

Anna Joseph as Hygiene Demonstrator in the Vellore Medical College.

Quite a few are engaged in further studies.

Saramma Joseph is studying Law at the Law College, Ernakulam. She says Law books make quite interesting reading.

T. Mangalam is continuing her studies at the Men's Christian College, Tambaram.

Molly Cherian is at a college in Delhi.

T.A. Alamelu, N.S. Avantika, G.Prabhavathi and D N. sharada are studying for their B.T. degrees in Lady Willingdon Training College.

Krishnabai Monsingh and Margaret Vethamuthu are doing the same course at St. Christopher's Training College.

Lizzie Samuel is a clerk in the Textile Department in Cuddapah.

Among the rest, K.P. Saraswathi has been married. She is now in Cuttack with her husband Mr. Krishna Kerinal.

Rani Spencer is getting ready for her wedding which will probably come off during the midsummer holidays.

Births.

To Marjorie Job—a boy in December, 1950.
To C.V. Padmalakshmi—a girl in September, 1950
To N. Janaki—a boy in February, 1951.

Contributed by Anna Cherian Varghese (1950)

Marriages

Miss Manorama Clarke to Mr. Ernest Fritschi on Jan 5th.

Miss Eva Doss of the Nutrition Dept. to Mr. Sundararajan, 2nd Oct 1950.

Miss Janavi Mallya, Botany Demonstrator to Mr. Achyutha Rao.

* * * * *

We are sorry to announce the death of S. Janaki (of 1949) who was doing the M.A. at Tambaram.

ASSOCIATION REPORTS

The Philosophy Association

A fresh academic year began both for the senior and junior Philosophy students, but for the juniors it held all the interest of novelty.

Our Association committee members were first elected, and our last year's secretary—Ahalya Souri—was unanimously elected President, and Usha Rao, as secretary.

The first inaugural meeting of our Philosophy Association went off with great success on July 26. After tea, Professor Kuppuswamy gave a general talk on Indian philosophy. Members of the Philosophy association had been looking forward to this first activity of ours this year and the day proved to be a happy one for us all.

Before winding up for the first term, we had three more meetings, during which our honourable seniors set the example by giving short talks. We enjoyed these meetings, their being so friendly and informal, composed of our staff members—Miss Bedford and Miss Ninan—and the students.

During the second term, we were fortunate enough to have Mr. Shastri to give us a talk on a subject which might be considered as out of the immediate interests of Philosophy, but interested us all the same—"Atoms and Atomic Energy."

The Philosophy conference which was held in the Madras Christian College, Tambaram was awaited with much eagerness. When the day dawned on Nov. 11th we set out early by the local train, and though on reaching M.C.C. we felt rather lost in the vast surroundings, we soon adjusted ourselves. Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan, Prof. Krishnamachari and Prof Adinarayana were the main speakers. The theme of the conference was "The Role of Philosophy in the Modern World." As questions were invited from the students later, there followed a lively discussion in which students and teachers alike took part. We are deeply grateful to the committee members of the M. C. C. Philosophy Association, who took such pains to arrange this conference, and to our speakers.

We were very delighted to get a chance to hear the famous psychologist Mr. Gardner Murphy give a very interesting talk in the University Building Hall.

The third term proved the busiest of the three as we were hard pressed for time.

On Jan. 24th, Mr. Shanmugam spoke to us on "Guilt Complex", and we were quick to notice many non-philosophy students who attended the lecture.

On Jan. 29th, we saw a very instructive and beautifully produced picture called "The picture in your mind". I am sure everyone enjoyed and benefited by it.

A chance to hear Prof. N. R. Sharma's talk on Sivaditya's Saptapadarthi was eagerly grasped at, especially by the juniors. Many of our seniors, in spite of it not being their text, came—as all true Philosophy students should—through pure interest.

On February 21st, Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan gave us a very interesting lecture on the Indian Philosophy conference which had recently been held in Calcutta.

Amidst exam hurry, just when we needed advice most, Dr. Miss George, who had returned to our college on a short visit, gave us a delightful hour of Wisdom, at the end of which snaps were taken of each of the two classes, along with Miss George, Miss Bedford and Miss Ninan. Needless to say, we are all waiting for the copies eagerly.

Now for a parting word—we all join in wishing our next year's Philosophy Association committee members the best of success.

Usha Rao,
Secretary

The Telugu Association

September—The inaugural function of the Sahitya Samiti of the Law College was attended by our students, at which the poet

Devulpalli Krishnasastri delivered a lecture and Sri Ghantasala provided the music. The Hon. Sri Gopala Reddy was in the chair.

Nov. 8-13—Attended some of the functions at Cultural Week celebrations by Andhra Sahitya Samiti of Pachyappa's College.

Nov. 20-21—University Inter collegiate Oratorical Contest. A team was sent from our college. A preliminary debate was held in Presidency College on the 20th. Both the competitors were selected for the finals.
Kasturi Krishnamurty—1st.
T. Dayanidhi—3rd.

Kasturi Krishnamurty came second in the University. Subject: A policy of decontrol would be highly injurious to our country at present.

Jan. 20—the Rani Meka Savithri Devi rolling cup competition for women students in Madras was conducted by Queen Mary's Our team, consisting ot Kasturi Krishnamurty and Christabel, won the Rolling cup for the college.
Subject:—Can a Grhini take part in cinema acting ?

Jan. 30—Intercollegiate Debate in Pachyappa's College.
Our team lost.
Subject:—The formation of a separate Andhra province is injurious to our country.

This year our college Telugu Association joined the Madras Andhra Vidyarthi Vignana Samiti. Some of our students attended the inaugural function of the above. The Samiti was presided over by Sri M. Tirumala Rao, Deputy Food Minister of the Central Government, and Sri. V. V. Giri, High Commissioner of India in Ceylon addressed the gathering.

The Current Events Club.

At the begining of the academic year, it was decided that the club should consist of really interested members who would work to make it a grand success. And so it was that once a fortnight, beneath the shady boughs near the "Green Stage", budding young politicians met to discuss the march of events in this busy world.

Speeches on important topics of the day predominated during the first term. Speeches are alright by themselves and highly enlightening, but we found them rather tiresome. Prompt changes were made and meetings became more lively with Brains Trust and Quiz Time. In the first week of February, Dr. Villadolid of the Philippines honoured us with his visit. We thoroughly enjoyed his delightful informal chat. Finally, a grand film show concluded another successful year of Current Events Club.

Mercy David

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REPORT ON GAMES

We are happy to say, that this year has been a very successful one, where Games were concerned.

The Games Committee for 1950—51.

Susan Varghese	...	Chairman.
Kiruba Moses	...	Inter-Collegiate Representative.
E. Mammen, E. Varkey	...	Class IV Representatives.
T. Kandiah, S. Verghese	...	Class III Representatives.
A. Abraham, M. M. Jacob	...	Class II Representatives.
A. Joseph, M. Keithan	...	Class I Representatives.

Physical activities were begun in earnest right from the beginning of the year, and we discovered plenty of talent among our Juniors. The Inter-Collegiate Matches were played during the first part of each term and the Inter-Class Matches during the latter part of the term.

Results of the Inter-Collegiate Matches.

	Winners	*Runners-Up*
Throw-ball	W. C. C.	Q. M. C.
Tennequoit	Stanley Medical College.	Stella Maris College.
Netball	W. C. C.	Y, M. C. A. College.
Badminton	W. C. C.	Stanley Medical College.
Playground ball	W. C. C.	Y. M. C. A. College.
Tennis	M. M. C.	Q. M. C.

We won the coveted cup for getting the most number of points in the Major Games.

This year, the University introduced Inter-Zone Matches in 4 of the Major Games. Our Netball Team which represented the City Colleges, played against teams from Lady Doak College, Madura, and St. Theresa's College, Ernakulam, and won the Inter-Zone Netball Championship.

Results of the Inter-Class Matches.

	Winners	*Runners-Up*
Throw-ball	Class II	Class III.
Tennequoit	Class III	Class II.
Netball	Class IV	Class II.
Badminton	Class II	Class I.
Play-ground ball	Class I	Class II.
Tennis	Class IV	Class I.

Class II won the shield for securing the most number of points in all the games.

The annual playground ball Match between the Staff and Class IV was played during the Third Term, and the Staff won.

Swimming classes for our students, at the Y.M.C.A. College pool, were introduced this year. Some of the girls have taken a very keen interest in them, and as Swimming may be one of the events for the Inter-Collegiate athletic Meet next year, we hope that more students will attend the Classes in future.

The Madras Olympic Meet took place during the early part of the third term. We too entered for it, and came out second, Y.M.C.A. College being the first.

The Inter-Collegiate Sports Meet was held at Presidency College on February 10th. Two new items—Javelin Throw and 80 Metres Hurdles had been introduced this year. Our girls did remarkably well, and special mention must be made of Yogeswary Arearatnam, who was tied for the Individual Championship with another student from Y.M.C.A. College and of Susan Varghese who came out first in both Javelin Throw and Cricket Ball Throw. However, we lost the Ashok Shield to the Y.M.C.A. College, by just a few points.

The College Sports Meet was on March 1st. Class IV was easily the best, and carried away both the Sports Cup, and the Cup from the Blue.

Results of the Sports Meet.

	First	*Second*
High Jump	F. Samuel	M. K. Jacob
Cricket ball throw	S. Varghese	Sara Mathews
75 Metres Race	Y Arearatnam E. Varkey	
Balance Race	H. Philips	Sara Mathews
Long Jump	S. Eapen	Y. Arearatnam
Javelin Throw	S. Varghese	H. Philips
80 Metres Hurdles	E. Varkey	C. K. Moses
Skipping Race	Y. Arearatnam	E. Varkey
Obstacle Race	H. Philips P. S. Seevaratnam	
Goal Shooting Relay	Class II	Class III
Wheel Relay	Class II	Class IV
4 x 100 Metres Relay	Class IV	Class III
5 Trip Relay	Class III	Class II
Staff 80 Metres Race	Miss L. George	Miss E. Theophilus Miss Lakshmi
Fanning the Baloon	Miss Sulochana	Miss Oommen

There was a triple tie for the Individual Championship among Y. Arearatnam, H. Philips and E. Varkey.

Miss Mason presided and distributed the trophies. The Mail Photographers took some very interesting action photographs and these appeared in the papers, along with an account of the Sports Meet.

We are very grateful to Miss Oommen for her untiring efforts in coaching the girls. We should also like to thank the Games Committee for their willing co-oporation, the members of the different teams for the keenness and enthusiasm they have shown, and finally Miss Mason and the Staff Members who helped to run the College Sports so efficiently.

There has been a great deal of improvement in the interest shown by the Students, in Games this year, and we hope it will be kept up.

C. K. Moses.
Class III.

Minutes of the 35th meeting of the Alumnae Association

The 35th meeting of the Alumnae Association was held at the green stage at 5-30 p.m. on Friday 18th August 1950 with Dr. Arumanaygam in the chair.

About 80 members were present. The minutes of the previous meeting already circulated through the *Sunflower* were taken as read and passed.

The minutes of the Special meeting held on 12th October 1949 were also read and passed.

The Secretary informed that Miss George, the President of the Association, was absent owing to illness and Miss Mason, the Principal of the College was away at the Convocation.

President's Speech.—

After welcoming the Alumnae present, she compared the College to a tree and the Alumnae Association to its root. She said that every member should try to strengthen the Association by bringing in more members and should keep their interest in the College and its activities. Finally she gave the following suggestions to increase the membership :—

1. By arranging area parties i.e. a member of the Alumnae Association invite all the old students in her area to an informal party, introduce to them the current events of the College and thus revive their interest in College which would induce them to become members of the Alumnae Association. Very often old students are not members just because they are out of touch with their Alma Mater.

2. Every member should try to enrol at least one new member a year.

3. Special effort should be made to keep in touch with those who leave College after their Intermediate course and encourage them to become members

Greetings

The Secretary conveyed greetings from some of the former members of the staff namely Miss Sykes, Miss Hunt, Mrs. Ranson, Mrs. Chitsingh, Mrs. Seabold, Miss Rivett and Miss McDougall and read a special message from Miss George which conveyed her apologies for her absence as well as her loving wishes to the Alumnae. K. Srinivasan of 1949 read out a farewell address to Miss George, who was terminating her office as President of the Alumnae Association.

Messages to the former principals of the College

It was decided to send the above address to Miss George and messages of greetings to Miss Rivett and Miss McDougall with signatures of those who were present at the meeting and who knew them.

Business arising from the Alumnae Association Executive meeting

On the recommendation of the Executive Committee it was decided that :

1. The Rivett Fund in the future should be permanently used to award a prize for the best article in the College News.

2. The *Sunflower* in the future should be run permanently as an Alumnae Magazine and it should be published at the end of the College year.

Reports and News by the Secretary

Welcoming the old students on behalf of the whole College, she conveyed Miss Mason's apologies for her absence from the meeting. She reported that the Executive Committee met only once during the year to report the activities of the Association and to plan for the Alumnae day and to nominate members of the different committees, but there were meetings of the Nursery School Committee and the *Sunflower* editorial board. As the *Sunflower* has been already circulated one could see for herself the amount of work put into it and the members of the board, especially Miss George, who was the driving force behind everything deserve a vote of thanks. The Secretary then called the attention of the members to the detailed report of the Nursery School in the *Sunflower*. She also made the following announcements:

1. That the Rivett Prize had been awarded to Usha Rao for her article 'A mountain storm.'

2. That Mrs. Samarasinha—a former staff member would be visiting College with her daughter Lathika for a few days early in September and any one who would like to meet her might call on her at College.

3. That a new hostel was being built so that 50 students more might be admitted to College making a total of 350 students.

Accounts

The audited accounts were read and passed. The treasurer Miss Gurubatham said the Alumnae Association current account is steadily dwindling and that without additional subscription from new members it would be impossible to carry on the association.

Elections

1. All the officers except the Vice President and Assistant Secretary, as well as the Committee members of the Alumnae Association Executive Committee.
2. Members of the Nursery School Committee
3. Members of the *Sunflower* editorial board

The Executive Committee of the Alumnae Association for the year 1950-1951

Office Bearers

Miss Mason	*President*
Dr. M. Arumanayagam	Vice President
Miss M. R. Jeevanandam	Secretary
Mrs. K. C. Jacob	Asst. Secretary
Miss Gurubatham	Treasurer

Other members

Mary Abraham 1949
Mrs. Arumanayagam (A. R) 1942
Mrs. Mathai 1936
Miss Mohanam 1930
Mrs. Gnanamuthu 1917

Ex Officio members

M. Clarke—Representative on the College Council
Miss K. R. Padma—Editor of the *Sunflower*
Miss Gnanadickam—Manager and Correspondent of the Nursery School

Sunflower Editorial Board

Editor	Miss K. R. Padma
Associate Editor	Miss E. Bamford
Members	Miss Chacko and Mary Abraham with power to co-opt.

Ex-Officio

Miss Mason
Miss Jeevanandam
Miss Gurubatham

A Student representative

The Editor of the College News

Nursery School Committee

Miss Gnanadickam	Manager and Correspondent
Miss K. Chelliah	Secretary
Mrs K. K. Jacob Mrs Pithavadian *Miss Manuel*	Members
Miss Mason Miss Gurubatham Miss Jeevanandam	Ex-Officio

Miss Benjamin—Headmistress of the School
Student representative—Chairman of the Social Work Service.

A. Oommen
Secretary, Alumnae Association.

Summary of the Treasurer's Accounts for April 1st, 1949 - March 31st, 1950

RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS

Alumnae Association Life Membership Account

	Rs.	A.	P.		Rs.	A.	P.
To Balance on 1—4—1949 ...	2,335	2	6	By Interest transferred to account	31	12	0
,, Interest ...	31	12	0	,, Loan to M. M. F. ...	2,000	0	0
,, Membership Fee ...	345	0	0	,, Balance in P. O. ...	680	2	6
,, On hand 31—3—1949 ...	39	12	0		39	12	0
Total ...	2,751	10	6	Total ...	2,751	10	6

Alumnae Association Current Account

	Rs.	A.	P.		Rs.	A.	P.
To Balance on 1—4—1949 ...	Nil			Loan repaid ...	91	2	5
Subscription (A.M.) ...	167	8	0	Postage ...	55	0	0
Advertisements: W. M. Pereira	30	0	0	Office equipement ...	36	12	0
Parry & Co. ...	75	0	0	News Letter - Printing charges...	54	2	3
Chopra Central Sports ...	20	0	0	Invitation Cards ...	21	5	3
George Oakes ...	50	0	0	Old Students dinner ...	105	0	0
S. R. V. Kuppuswamy ...	50	0	0	Typist (for *Sunflower*) ...	6	12	0
C. L. S. ...	30	0	0	Conveyance for advertisments ...	12	8	0
Doss Brothers ...	40	0	0	Conveyance fair paid to M. Clarke	20	12	0
Interest from Securities ...	13	6	0	Block making ..	21	10	3
Transferred from P. O. (Interest)	31	12	0	Fenn & Thompson for 600 copies of *Sunflower* ...	542	6	0
Miscellaneous ...	98	4	0	Rubber stamp ...	1	12	0
Sale of *Sunflower* (130 copies) to College	127	8	0	Lent to Coon Fund ...	34	8	0
Sale of *Sunflower* to students ...	22	0	0				
Loan from M.M.B.F. ...	248	4	2				
Total ...	1,003	10	2	Total ...	1,003	10	2

Coon Scholarship Fund

	Rs.	A.	P.		Rs.	A.	P.
To Balance 1—4—49 ...	555	6	7	By Scholarship ...	90	0	0
Miss Moore ...	300	0	0	Folio charges ...	2	0	0
Loan from A. A. Account ...	34	8	0	Balance on 30—3—50 ...	853	6	7
Interest on securities ...	55	8	0				
Total ...	945	6	7	Total ...	945	6	7

Rivett Fund

	Rs.	A.	P.		Rs.	A.	P.
To Balance on 1—4—1949 ...	559	0	0	Framing of Photograph ...	12	8	0
				By Balance on 31—3—1950 ...	546	8	0
Total ...	559	0	0	Total ...	559	0	0

McDougall Memorial Fund

	Rs.	A.	P.		Rs.	A.	P.
By Balance on 1—4—1949	Nil			By Contractor's bill ...	5,000	0	0
Loan redeemed from A. Account	91	2	5	Postage ...	26	4	9
By Donation ...	1,851	8	0	Printing of appeals ...	101	9	0
Loan from A. Account ...	2,000	0	0	To New India Printers ...	72	1	0
Loan from N. S. Account ...	1,788	0	3	•For documents ...	12	3	0
				Sales deed (King & Partridge) ...	12	8	0
				To Gason & Seeta for electric installation ...	242	0	0
				To the Revenue Officer ...	4	0	9
				Folio Charges ...	11	12	0
				Lent to A. Account ...	248	4	2
Total ...	5,730	10	8	Total ...	5,730	10	8

Nursery School Fund Account

	Rs.	A.	P.		Rs.	A.	P.
By Balance ...	1,502	12	7	School Expenses ...	2,913	11	9
Play ...	2,627	0	0	Play expenses ...	24	0	0
Sale of programme etc. for play	116	0	0	Miscellaneous ...	2	12	0
Government Grant ...	708	12	0	Loan to M.M.B.F. ...	1,788	0	3
Contributions ...	325	4	9	By Balance on 31—3—1950 } ...	691	9	4
Balance from Mr. David ...	14	12	0		25	15	0
Fees from School Children ...	125	8	0				
Contribution (Miscellaneous ...	25	15	0				
Total ...	5,446	0	4	Total ...	5,446	0	4

Summary for the year ended 31—3—1950

	Rs.	A.	P.		Rs.	A.	P.
Coon Scholarship Fund ...	853	6	7	By Balance with Mercantile Bank ...	2,139	7	0
Rivett Fund ...	546	8	0	On hand ...	1	3	11
Card Catalogue ...	23	4	0				
Nursery School Fund ...	717	8	4				
Total ...	2,140	10	11	Total ...	2,140	10	11

Examined and found correct.

(Signed) K. Gopalakrishna Rao,
Chartered Accountant and Auditor

(Signed) S. Gurubatham,
Treasurer

The Eighth Annual Report of the McDougall Memorial Nursery School

The School is well on its way to assume the role of a model Nursery School, in the city of Madras and has merited the appreciation of many among whom special mention must be made of Miss McDougall, the Founder Principal of the Women's Christian College, after whom the school is named, and the Inspectress of Schools, Third Circle, Madras.

There is a steady increase in the attendance at the school and the number on roll this year is forty-five, against the 40 of last year, and it has been very regular too. The parents in the Cheri have begun to realise more and more the value of the training that the children get in the School and we often get requests from mothers who are eager to admit their children for the purpose of character-training. Often the parents come to us for advice as to how to bring up their children in the proper way. While primarily we had to force ourselves on them, it is remarkable to watch the change in their attitude this year.

A recent innovation in the children's programme of work is the allotment of duties to children to develop a sense of responsibility in them. Each child gets a turn once a week and the teacher no more need supervise the work, but leaves it entirely in the hands of the leaders to see to the duties such as : Sweeping the room, putting away play things, the spreading of mats etc. It is amazing to watch the children perform their respective duties conscientiously, as responsible members of the class.

We are indeed fortunate in getting a large consignment of milk powder from the 'Guild of Service' through the kindness of Mrs. Clubwalla. Though it was sent rather late in the year, there has been remarkable improvement in the children's health, since we started giving them milk regularly, and in three months' time most of them have gained weight.

My grateful thanks are due to the Nursery School Committee of the Women's Christian College Alumnae Association, to Dr. Mrs. Arumainayagan who has been very regular in conducting the Medical Inspection in the school every month, and to Mrs. M. Clubwalla for the supply of milk powder.

Chief Events of the Year.

4—9—50	Excursion—the Zoo and Central Station.
6—9—50	Excursion—Botanical Gardens, Teynampet.
27—9—50	Children's Camp at the Museum Grounds.
18—12—50	Excursion—Marina Beach.
23—12—50	Christmas Procession, singing carols, in the Cheri, visiting every home.
9—1—51	Miss Comstock's visit.
24—1—51	Annual Inspection by Mrs. S. Achuthan.
26—1—51	Republic Day celebrated at Women's Christian College.
17—2—51	"Children's Service", inaugurated.
20—2—51	Miss McDougall's visit.

Winifred Benjamin,
Headmistress.

APPRECIATIONS

(Miss McDougall and Miss E. George on the Nursery School)

I greatly enjoyed my visit to the Nursery School this morning, and though I had expected to find it a very good piece of work I was delighted that the reality so far exceeded my expectations. The happiness and intelligence and trustful behaviour of the little children shows what wonderful results have arisen from the devoted skill and patience of the teachers, who deserve the highest praise for their gentle and persevering work. The whole impression is one of life and joy and the children are fortunate indeed to have this happy place open to them.

Eleanor McDougall

Every time I have visited this Nursery School in its new premises—its own little building—I have felt a great joy and satisfaction; not chiefly, at seeing the special effort of Women's Christian College Alumnae come to function in this manner, but much more at noting the progress made by the teachers in making the place a better school, and a more delightful second home for the children of the village.

There was however a unique pleasure associated with today's visit—for did I not go now in company with Miss McDougall, come all the way from England to revisit us in Madras, and visiting the Nursery School for the first time since it was started, the person who had inspired us to undertake such a responsibility as a token of our gratitude for the long years of loving service she had given to us in the College? Would she see in this a sign of the fulfilment of the hope expressed in the College Motto—Lighted to Lighten?

May the school continue to prosper, and may the joy of the work strengthen the hearts of the teachers of this school to keep striving ever to reach the goal of perfection in this their service to the 'Little Ones' of God.

Elizabeth George

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A SELF ANALYSIS

Read:- I Corinthians 12: 4-31.

Let us analyse the inner motives behind every action and thought in the light of the above passage:

Do I always compare myself with others with the view to satisfying my vanity that I am better than they?

Do I want to excel others, in a personal way or do I want to excel their standards objectively, in order to reach a high degree of perfection?

Do I imitate others out of admiration and a wish to follow in their footsteps or do I want to compete with and outshine them in their own field?

Do I remain contented to do the task that I am most fitted for, though it might mean that I may not gain recognition from others, and that I am relegated to the back ground, or, do I want to multiply my ambitions and pitch them so high as to remain in the lime light always?

Do I whole-heartedly and generously appreciate others when they merit my appreciation?

Do I have that out look on life which makes me view my contribution to it, in the proper prospective so as to make me feel happy that the little that I do lends colour and meaning to the general pattern of life? It may be that I am just a dash or a dot scattered here and there in a picture.

Do I realise that the spirit in which the work is done and the delight I get therefrom counts for more than the fact of utility or the grandeur of achievement?

God takes a hand wherever He can find it, and just does what He likes with it. Sometimes He takes a bishop's hand and lays it on the child's head in benediction, then He takes the hand of a doctor to relieve the pain, the hand of a mother to guide her child. They are all hands touched by the spirit and His Spirit is everywhere lurking for hands to use.

Let us bring to our mind the picture of two youths Albert Durer and Franz, who lived long ago in old Nuremberg. Albert had genius but Franz, for all his love of art, had not the power to put on the canvas the vision that came to him. Each planned a picture of our Lord's Passion. The work was completed. They met to compare their efforts. Durer's was full of beauty and pathos; Franz's cold and lifeless. Franz admitted that God had something else for him. He worked for Durer to enable him to devote his life to his art. Durer's painting of 'The Hands', does speak to us and of many things. They are hands that turned one memorable day from a high dream to do a humble task. They are beautiful—because they are the hands of a beautiful spirit.

There is a secret plan, hidden in our hands. God who dwells in our hands knows this secret plan, of the things that He will do for the world, using our hands. All that He asks of us is that we lend Him a hand.

S. G.

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നവീന സുഭദ്രാർജ്ജുനം

(A modernised vesion of the Subhadra and Arjuna Story)

രംഗം 1

[സമയം— 5½മണി. വൈകുന്നേരം. സ്ഥലം—ഡെൽഹി. ലേഡി ഇർവിൻ കോളേജ് ടെന്നീസ് കോർട്ട്—കോളേജിലെ വിദ്യാർത്ഥിനികൾ ടെന്നീസ് കോർട്ടിന് പുറം തിങ്ങിക്കൂടി ഇരിക്കുന്നു.]

മാലതി: ഗീതെ, എന്താ ഈ ഡെറാഡൂൺ ബോയ്സ് വരാത്തത്. സമയം 5½ മണിയായി.

(കുറച്ചുനേരം കഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ കുറെ ചെറുപ്പക്കാർ ഒരു ബസ്സ് നിറയെ വന്നിറങ്ങുന്നു. കോളേജ് games representative—സുഭദ്ര അവരെ സ്വാഗതം ചെയ്യുന്നു. കളി ആരംഭിക്കുന്നു)

ഗീത: നോക്കൂ, മാലതീ, അയാളുടെ സ്ട്രോക്ക്സ്. എന്ത് സ്റ്റൈലാ കളിക്കുന്നത്, കാണുവാൻ. സുഭദ്രയും നല്ല അടി അടിക്കുന്നുണ്ട്.

മാ: സുഭദ്രയുടെ പാർട്ട്നറും തരക്കേടില്ല. ഇതാ ഒരു game കഴിഞ്ഞു. സ്റ്റൈലന്റെ ഭാഗംതന്നെയാണ് ജയിച്ചത്. എന്താ, അയാളുടെ പേര് പറഞ്ഞത്?

ഗീ: ഞാൻ അയാളുടെ ഊരും പേരും ഒന്നും അന്വേഷിക്കുവാൻ പോയില്ല. മാലതിക്ക് എന്താ അയാളിൽ ഇത്ര interest!

മാ: ഒരു set കഴിഞ്ഞു. draw ആണ്. ഇതാ പിന്നേയും തുടങ്ങുന്നു. അതാ സുഭദ്രയുടെ ഭാഗം ജയിച്ചു. (എല്ലാവരും കൈകൊട്ടുന്നു)

ഗീ: മാലതീ, ഇനി സുഭദ്രയും നമ്മുടെ സ്റ്റൈലനും കൂടി ഒരു singles കളിക്കുവാൻ പോകയാണത്രെ.

പെൺകുട്ടികൾ—സുഭദ്ര Buck up

ആൺകുട്ടികൾ—well done അർജ്ജുൻ

മാ: ഗീതെ, എനിക്കറിയാമല്ലോ ഇപ്പോൾ അയാളുടെ പേർ. അർജ്ജുനൻ—ഒന്തപേർതന്നെയാണ്.

ഗീ: പക്ഷെ. മാലതീ, സുഭദ്ര, അർജ്ജുനൻ നന്നായി ചേരും ഇല്ലേ?

മ: എന്തിനാണ് നാം വേറെ ആളെപ്പറ്റി സംസാരിക്കുന്നത്. നമുക്ക് പോകാം കളികളൊക്കെ കഴിഞ്ഞു. ഓ അർജ്ജുനൻ സുഭദ്രയെ അഭിനന്ദിക്കുകയാണ്.

ഗീ: എന്താ മാലതിക്ക് കണ്ണുകടിക്കുന്നുണ്ടോ? (രണ്ടുപേരും പോകുന്നു)

[കോർട്ടിന്റെ മറ്റൊരു ഭാഗം. അർജ്ജുനനും സുഭദ്രയും സംസാരിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നു]

സുഭദ്ര: Mr അർജ്ജുനൻ. നിങ്ങളുടെ കളി അസാദ്ധ്യം. എന്റെ കൈയ്യൊക്കെ കുഴച്ചു.

അർജ്ജുനൻ: പക്ഷെ എന്റെ അഭിപ്രായത്തിൽ Miss സുഭദ്രയും എന്നോട് തുല്യമായി കളിച്ചുവെന്നാണ് തോന്നുന്നത്.

സു: എന്തിനാണ് ഈ പച്ചപ്പച്ച കള്ളം പറയുന്നത്? അല്ലേ പോട്ടെ അർജ്ജുനൻ Oh sorry Mr. അർജ്ജുനൻ.

അ: വേണ്ട വെറും അർജ്ജുനൻ തന്നെയാണ് നല്ലത്. സുഭദ്ര

സു: അർജ്ജുനൻ ഏതു ക്ലാസിലാണ് പഠിക്കുന്നത്?

അ: ഞാൻ Fourth Honours Literature ചെയ്യുകയാണ്. സുഭദ്രയോ?

സു: Inter Second year. ഞങ്ങൾക്ക് നാളെ മുതൽ മൂന്നു മാസം holidays ആണ്.

അ: ഞങ്ങൾക്ക് രണ്ടാഴ്ചയുണ്ട്. ഞാൻ ഇന്ന് നേരെ എന്റെ ജ്യേഷ്ഠന്റെ അടുത്തേക്കാണ് പോകുന്നത്. New Delhi യിലാണ് ജ്യേഷ്ഠന്റെ വീട്.

സു: അതു നല്ല news ആണല്ലോ. ഞങ്ങളും New-Delhiയിലാണ് താമസിക്കുന്നത്.

അ: ഞങ്ങളും എന്തു പറഞ്ഞതു് മനസ്സിലായില്ല.

സു: എന്റെ രണ്ടു Brothersഉം ഞാനും. അർജ്ജുനന്നു് സൌകര്യമുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ നാളെ വൈകുന്നേരം Teaക്കു് ഞങ്ങളുടെ വീട്ടിൽ വന്നാൽ തരക്കേടില്ല.

അ: നാളെ. ഓ. നാളെ വേറെ ഒരു engagement ഉം ഇല്ല. address ഒന്നു് എഴുതിത്തന്നേയ്ക്കൂ.

(സുഭദ്ര എഴുതിക്കൊടുക്കുന്നു)

അ: വളരെ thanks. എന്നാൽ നാളെ കാണാം, മററു Boys ഒക്കെ പോയി (പോകുന്നു).

രംഗം 2

[സുഭദ്രയുടെ ഭവനം. സുഭദ്ര drawing roomൽ knit ചെയ്തുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നു. അർജ്ജുനൻ പ്രവേശിക്കുന്നു.]

സുഭദ്ര: hallo! വാക്കു് keep ചെയ്തുവല്ലോ. വീടു് കണ്ടുപിടിക്കുവാൻ ബുദ്ധിമുട്ടിയോ?

അ: ഏയ്, ഒട്ടും ബുദ്ധിമുട്ടിയില്ല.

സു: എന്തു് വെയിലാണു്. ഞാൻ fan ഇടാം. ഉണ്ണിച്ചിട്ടു് വരൂ.

അ: Brother ഇവിടെ ഇല്ലേ?

സു: ഉണ്ടു്. ഇപ്പോൾ വരും. പരിചയമുണ്ടായിരിക്കുകയില്ല.

അ: ഇല്ല. എനിക്കിവിടെ വളരെ കുറച്ചേ friends ഉള്ളൂ

സു: ഇതാവന്നു കൃഷ്ണൻ എന്റെ Brother (കൃഷ്ണൻ അർജ്ജുനനെക്കണ്ടു അത്ഭുതപ്പെടുന്നു. തമ്മിൽകണ്ടു് പരിചയമുണ്ടെന്നു് അറിയുന്നതെന്നു് വേഗം ആംഗ്യംകൊണ്ടു് അർജ്ജുനനെ അറിയിക്കുന്നു)

സുഭദ്ര: Mr Arjun. This is Krishnan, and this is Arjun—the first class Tennis player.

അ: സുഭദ്രയും എന്നോടു തുല്യമായി കളിക്കും. കൃഷ്ണൻ Tennis കളിക്കാറുണ്ടോ?

കൃഷ്ണൻ: എനിക്കു് Tennisൽ അത്ര കമ്പമില്ല. പക്ഷെ cricketൽ വലിയ ഭ്രമമാണു്.

സു: ആവൂ Test Match ഉണ്ടാകുമ്പോൾ കാണേണ്ടതുതന്നെയാണു്. ഊണും ഉറക്കവുമില്ലാതെ commentary കേട്ടുംകൊണ്ടിരിക്കും. എനിക്കു് record music കൂടി കേൾക്കുവാൻ സാധിക്കയില്ല.

കൃ: Cricketൽ രസം പിടിച്ചാലേ അതൊക്കെ അറിയുള്ളൂ

സു: ഞാൻ ഇപ്പോൾ വരാം. Excuse me. (പോകുന്നു)

കൃ: (ചിരിച്ചു്) എങ്ങിനെ മൂപ്പരു് ഇവിടെ എത്തിയതു്? ഞാൻ, ഇന്നലെ സുഭദ്ര ഒരു first class Tennis Championനെപ്പററി പുകഴ്ത്തിപ്പറഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ കുറെ അമ്പരന്നു. അയാളെ കാണുവാൻ വരുമ്പോൾ നല്ലവണ്ണം ഒന്നു dress ചെയ്യുകയാം എന്നു് വിചാരിച്ചു് ഇന്നു് പുതിയ suit അലക്കി എടുത്തതാണു്. ഇവിടെ വന്നപ്പോഴോ നമ്മുടെ അർജ്ജുനനും. അതു് കഷ്ടമായി.

അ: അപ്പോൾ എന്നെ കാണുവാൻ വരുമ്പോൾ ഒരു പഴഞ്ചൻ മതിയെന്നാണോ പറയുന്നതു്? ഇന്നലെ മനസ്സിലായില്ലേ എന്റെ യോഗ്യത?

കൃ: പിന്നെ. ഇന്നലെ സുഭദ്രയുടെ സംസാരം കുറച്ചൊരു തല തിരിഞ്ഞ മട്ടിലായിരുന്നു. എന്താ കുടുക്കിൽ പെട്ട പോലെയോ?

അ: (പുഞ്ചിരിക്കുന്നു) എന്നെ അപേക്ഷിച്ചേടത്തോളം കുറച്ചൊരു വാസ്തവം തന്നെയാണു്. ഞാൻ എന്റെ ഒരു ആത്മസ്നേഹിതനെന്ന നിലയ്ക്കാണു് പറയുന്നതു്.

കൃ: മനസ്സൊക്കെ പിന്നെ തുറന്നു കാണിക്കാം. എന്റെ മൂത്ത ഏട്ടനു് തന്റെ മാതിരി സ്റ്റൈലന്മാരെ അത്ര പിടിക്കില്ല. അതാണു് കഷ്ടം. ഏട്ടൻ ഇപ്പോൾ വരും. കുറച്ചൊന്നു് ഗൌരവത്തിലും താഴ്മയോടും സംസാരിച്ചോളൂ

[ബലഭദ്രൻ— സുഭദ്രയുടെ മൂത്ത ജ്യേഷ്ഠൻ പ്രവേശിക്കുന്നു. രണ്ടു പേരും എഴുന്നേല്ക്കുന്നു.]

ബല: ഇതാരാ കൃഷ്ണാ?

കൃ: ഇതാണ് ഇന്നലെ സുഭദ്ര പറഞ്ഞ Tennis player. അർജ്ജുനൻ എന്നാണ് പേർ. (അർജ്ജുനൻ തൊഴുന്നു.

ബല: ആഹാ - എവിടെയാണ് പഠിക്കുന്നതു്?

അ: Dehra Dun-ൽ Literature Honours ചെയ്യുകയാണ്. ഒഴിവുകാലം രണ്ടാഴ്ചയുണ്ട്. അപ്പോഴം ഇവിടെ ജ്യേഷ്ഠന്റെ അടുത്തു വന്നു താമസിക്കുകയാണ്.

ബല: എന്താ ജ്യേഷ്ഠന്റെ പേര്.

അ: യുധിഷ്ഠിരൻ.

ബല: ഓ, ധാരാളം കേട്ടിട്ടുണ്ട്. കണ്ടു പരിചയമായിട്ടില്ല.

അ: ജ്യേഷ്ഠന് ഇവിടങ്ങളിൽ ആരെയും അത്ര പരിചയമില്ല. ഇവിടെ വന്നൊക്കെ പരിചയമാകുവാൻ വലിയ സന്തോഷമായിരിക്കും.

ബല: അർജ്ജുനനെ പരിചയമായല്ലോ.

[സുഭദ്ര tray-യിൽ ചായയുമായി പ്രവേശിക്കുന്നു. എല്ലാവരും ചായ കുടിക്കുന്നു.]

ബല: അർജ്ജുനന് ഇനി ഇവിടെ സൌകര്യമുള്ളപ്പോഴെല്ലാം വരാമല്ലോ.

അ: ഞാൻ നാളെ മടങ്ങിപ്പോകയാണ്.

സു: അതെന്താ, രണ്ടാഴ്ചയില്ലേ holidays?

അ: പക്ഷെ, നാളെ ജ്യേഷ്ഠൻ കുമ്പിനു് പോകും. അതുകൊണ്ടു ഞാൻ മടങ്ങിപ്പോകാമെന്നു വിചാരിച്ചു.

കൃ: അതെന്തിനാ? ഇവിടെ വന്നു താമസിക്കാമല്ലോ. അല്ലേ ഏട്ടാ?

അ: ആട്ടെ, അതൊക്കെ നിങ്ങൾക്കു ബുദ്ധിമുട്ടാകും.

ബല: ഏയ്, അതുകൊണ്ടു ഒന്നുമില്ല എന്നാൽ അർജ്ജുനൻ നാളെ ഇവിടേക്കു വരുമല്ലോ?

അ: എനിക്കു എങ്ങിനെയാണു നന്ദി പറയേണ്ടതെന്നു നിശ്ചയമില്ല. നേരം വൈകി. പോകട്ടെ നമസ്കാരം—(പോകുന്നു.)

ബല: ഇപ്പോഴത്തെ ഈ ചെറുപ്പക്കാരിൽ ഇങ്ങിനെ ഒരു നല്ല കുട്ടിയെ കാണുവാൻ പ്രയാസമാണ്. (കൃഷ്ണൻ സുഭദ്രയെ നോക്കി കണ്ണിടുന്നു.)

കൃ: പറയുവാൻ വയ്യ. ഇങ്ങിനെ ഔദാര്യം കാണിക്കുന്നവരായിരിക്കും ഒടുക്കം ചതിക്കുക.

രംഗം 3

(സുഭദ്രയുടെ ഭവനം— സമയം സന്ധ്യ.)

അ: സുഭദ്രേ. ഞാൻ കുറെ ദിവസമായി ഒരു കാര്യം പറയേണമെന്നു വിചാരിക്കുന്നു. ഒരാഴ്ച ഞാൻ ഇവിടെ താമസിച്ചു. സുഭദ്രയുടെ മൂത്ത ജ്യേഷ്ഠനും ഇവിടെ ഇല്ല. നല്ല അവസരമാണ് ഇതു് എന്നു എനിക്കു തോന്നുന്നു.

സു: കേൾക്കട്ടെ.

അ: ഞാൻ സുഭദ്രയെ ഗാഢമായി സ്നേഹിക്കുന്നു.

സു: (കീഴ്പോട്ടു നോക്കി) പക്ഷെ നാം രണ്ടുപേരും അന്യോന്യം സ്നേഹിച്ചാൽ മാത്രം മതിയോ? മൂത്ത ജ്യേഷ്ഠന്റെ സമ്മതം കൂടി വേണ്ടേ?

അ: കൃഷ്ണനോടു ഞാൻ ഇതിനെപ്പററി പറഞ്ഞുകഴിഞ്ഞിരിക്കുന്നു. [കൃഷ്ണൻ പ്രവേശിക്കുന്നു]

കൃഷ്ണൻ: ഞാൻ വന്നതു ബുദ്ധിമുട്ടായില്ലല്ലോ. നിങ്ങളെ കണ്ടാൽ ഇവിടെ നിന്നു ചാടിപ്പോകേണ്ട വട്ടമുണ്ടു എന്നു തോന്നും.

സു: എന്തിനാണു കൃഷ്ണൻ വെറുതെ കളിയാക്കുന്നതു്. ഏട്ടനെയെങ്കിലും ഒന്നു സമ്മതിപ്പിക്കുവാൻ ശ്രമിയ്ക്കൂ

കൃ: ഞാൻ ഒരു വിദ്യ പറയാം. ഇന്നു 10 30നു ഒരു Plane കല്ക്കത്തയ്ക്കു പോകുന്നുണ്ടു. ഇപ്പോഴ് 8½ മണിയായി. നിങ്ങൾ അതിനു വേഗം പൊയ്ക്കൊള്ളൂ. ഏട്ടനെ സമ്മതിപ്പിക്കുന്ന കാര്യം ഞാനേററു.

അർജ്ജുനൻ: പക്ഷെ അതൊരു വിശ്വാസവഞ്ചനയല്ലേ?

കൃ: അർജ്ജുനന്റെ ന്യായവും നയവും ഒക്കെ കൊണ്ടുവന്നാൽ കാര്യം നടക്കില്ല. ജ്യേഷ്ഠന് ഈ

Love marriages നോട് വലിയ ദേഷ്യമാണ്. അതുകൊണ്ടു നേരിട്ടു പറഞ്ഞാൽ ശുണ്ഠി ഇളകും. പിന്നെ കാര്യമൊക്കെ ഗോപി.

സു: എന്നാൽ അങ്ങിനെയാകട്ടെ. ഞാൻ വേഗം പോയി തയ്യാറായിവരാം.

രംഗം 4

[ഡെൽഹി വിമാനത്താവളം—പാലം]

അ: കൃഷ്ണനെ വിശ്വസിച്ചാണ് ഞാൻ മനം വിട്ട് കളിയ്ക്കുന്നത്.

കൃ: ഏയ് യാതൊന്നും പേടിയ്ക്കേണ്ട. ജ്യേഷ്ഠൻ ഒരു ശുദ്ധനാണ്. അവിടെ ചെന്ന ഉടനെ സുന്ദര ജ്യേഷ്ഠന് ഒരു കമ്പി അടിയ്ക്കണം. പിന്നെ കാര്യമൊക്കെ ഞാൻ നോക്കിക്കൊള്ളാം. അതുകൊണ്ട് എല്ലാം കഴിഞ്ഞമാതിരി കരുതിക്കൊള്ളൂ So Best of Luck. അടുത്തുതന്നെ കാണാം. യാതൊന്നും പരിഭ്രമിയ്ക്കേണ്ട.

പി. വിനോദിനി,
ക്ലാസ്സ് II.

P. Vinodini,
Class II.

ఏకాంకిక

ONE ACT PLAY

ఆధునిక ప్రపంచములో కుంతీదేవి.

Kuntidevi in the modern world.

పాత్రలు :

ధర్మారావు — కుంతీదేవి పుత్రుడు ఉత్తముడు.

పార్థసారథి — ధర్మారావు కొడుకు.

కుంతీదేవి — ముసలి ధర్మారావు తల్లి.

సుభద్ర — నవీనయువతి అభ్యుదయ భావము కలది, తోటి విద్యార్థియగు పార్థసారథిని ప్రేమించును.

కమల; విమల — నూతన దంపతుల స్నేహితులు.

కొందరు పిల్లలు. పరిచారిక.

అప్పుడే వివాహమైన మగఇంటివారి ఇల్లులాగున ఉంది. క్రొత్త బట్టల వాసన, గంధపు వాసనలతో ఇల్లు ఘుమఘుమలాడుతున్నది. పిల్లలు అటునిటు ఆ రోజు మరి ఎవరూ ఏమన్నా రన్నట్లు పరుగిడుతుంటారు. ఆ గృహములో ముందుగది చక్కగా అలంకరింప బడినది. అందు సోఫాలో కుంతీదేవి కూర్చుని రేడియో సంగీతము నాలకించుచుండును. కాని మధ్య మధ్య కడుదీర్ఘముగా ఆలోచించుతున్నట్లు కనిపించును. కడువృద్ధురాలైనప్పటికిని పట్టుసడలని ఆదర్శములుకల స్త్రీ. ఆమె గత జీవితానుభవములు ఆ ముడుతలుబడిన లలాట ఫలకముపైన లిఖించబడినట్లుండును. ఆ సమయములో పిల్లలు "అన్నయ్య వదినె వచ్చారంటూ" కోలాహలంచేస్తూ పరుగెత్తుకొని వస్తారు.

పిల్లలు.— పెండ్లికొడుకూ పెండ్లికూతురూ వస్తున్నారు.

కమల:— ఎక్కడ ?

ఇంతలోనే బయట కారు హారన్ వినబడుతుంది అందరూ బయటకు వస్తారు.

పిల్లలు:— పెండ్లికూతురు బలేగా ఉందే ?

పరిచారిక:— నూతన దంపతులను ఇంటిలోకి తీసికొని వెళ్లును.

కమల:— రావమ్మా సుభద్ర పెండ్లికావటమే మమ్మల్ని మరచినట్లున్నావే.

విమల:— పార్థసారథి మాత్రం భార్యను చూసుకోవటమే గాని ఇతరులు గోచరించుతారా?

ధర్మారావు:— (కొంతసేపైన తరువాత నూతన వధూవరులను సంబోధిస్తూ) అమ్మవద్దకు వెళ్లి రండీ.

కమల:— (కుంతీదేవితో) మామ్మా! అన్నా వదినా వచ్చారు.

కుంతీదేవి:— (మెల్లగా లేచి దంపతులను చూచును) అమ్మా సుభద్రా ఇటురా. (దగ్గరకు పిలిచి ప్రక్కన సోఫాలో కూర్చుండబెట్టుకొనును.) అమ్మాయీ రాజ్యభోగాలు అనుభవించట పుత్రులనే కనమ్మా. పండితుల్ని వీరుల్ని శూరులను కనవద్దు. వాళ్లు ఎప్పుడూ నిన్ను పుత్రశోకంతో బాధపెడతారు.

అందరూ నిశ్శబ్దంగా ఉంటారు.

సుభద్ర:— అర్థంకాక బిత్తరిబోయి చూస్తుంది.

విమల:— మామ్మా అదేమిటి అలా అంటావు.

కుంతీదేవి:— (సుభద్రతో) ఇది సంతోష సమయము. మంచిపేరు ప్రతిష్టలు తెచ్చుకొండి పెద్దపెద్ద

ఉద్యోగస్థులుగాగల కుమారులనుకను. అంతేగాని ఒకరిపై అధికారముచేయాలి పదవులు కావాలి అనే వారు వద్దు అంటున్నానని విచారించకుతల్లీ. నా సవతి నాకంటె ముందు చనిపోయింది. సంసారభారం నామీద పడింది, భర్తేమో ముందేపోయారు. నా కొడుకులు అంతా దేశభక్తులు. పండితులు. నాకు ముసిలితనములోగూడ సుఖంలేదు. ఎప్పుడూ ఏవో విప్లవమంటూ సహాయనిరాకరణోద్యమమూ ఆ సభ ఈ సభ అంటూ గడిపారూ. నా కొడుకులు నాతో ఎప్పుడూ ఉండలేదు. వారు దేశం కోసమని తిరుగుతుంటే నేను ఆ పంచన ఈ పంచన పడి ఉండవలసి వచ్చేది. ఈ కన్నకడుపు ఎప్పుడూ చిచ్చుతో రగులుతుంది వాళ్లు జైళ్లతో మగ్గుతుంటే.

ధర్మారావు:—అవన్నీ ఇప్పుడెందుకమ్మా.

విమల:—కాలం ఎప్పుడూ ఒక మాదిరిగ ఉండదుగా.

కుంతీదేవి:—ఇప్పుడుగాక మరెప్పుడుగావాలి? ఈ రోజుల్లో పదవీవ్యామోహం రాజ్యాభిలాష మరీ ఎక్కువగా ఉంది. పూర్వం కంటే ఇప్పుడు కొంత వయ జీవితమును ఎక్కువ సాధన సామాగ్రితో మారణహోమంలాగు చేస్తున్నారు.

విమల:—అలాంటి వాళ్లను నాశనం చేయాలిగా మరి.

కుంతీదేవి:—అలా ఎదుర్కొంటెన్న వాళ్ళ కుటుంబ జీవితము ఎంత శోచనీయంగాను ఎంత బాధాకరంగా ఉందో ఆలోచించావా?

విమల:—త్యాగం లేకుండా జీవితం ఎలావుంటుంది! తల్లి తన బిడ్డలకోసరం ఎంత త్యాగం చేస్తుంది బిడ్డల అభివృద్ధికి మరణానైనా ఎంచదు.

కుంతీదేవి:—అవునుతల్లీ అలా చేయబట్టే కష్టపడి పెంచిన పిల్లలు ఎవరికోసమూ చస్తామంటేమాత్రం గర్భంలో రగిలేచిచ్చు నీకు తెలియదు నీకు అనుభవం లేదమ్మా.

విమల:—నాకులేదు అనుభవం. కాని అనుభవశాలురు నిర్లిప్తతో పరిశీలించి వ్రాసిన దానినినుండి తెలిసికొన్నా.

కుంతీదేవి:—స్వానుభవము లేనప్పుడు ప్రస్తకజ్ఞానం నిరుపయోగము. గర్భశోకం తీరనిదమ్మా.

విమల:—నిజమే ఎవరూ త్యాగం చేయకపోతే దేశద్రోహులను, లంచగొండులను ఎదుర్కొనేది ఎవరు?.

కుంతీదేవి:—వారూ ఒక విధంగా శూరులే. నాతోటి కోడలు గాంధారి పిల్లలు శూరులుగాదూ?. ఆమె ఏమి సుఖపడింది. ఆమె గర్భశోకం ఎవరు ఆపగలిగారు? ఈ శూరులు పండితులు ముక్కు పచ్చలారని అభిమన్యుని తమ విజయంకోసం యుద్ధంలో చంపలేదా? కుర్రవాడని ఏమైనా కనికరం చూపినారా?

విమల:—ఈ గర్భశోకాన్ని, అలాంటి అనర్థమూ, ఆపవలెనన్నా శూరులకి కావల్సిందేగా?

కుంతీదేవి:—భోగాలు అనుభవించాలని, జీవితము సుఖమయం చేసుకోవాలని భావించేవారు పుట్టినప్పుడే అది వీలవుతుంది. ఊరకనే రాజ్యాధికారాన్ని స్వీకరించాలి. దేశంలో పెద్దలుగావాలి, పెద్దపెద్ద హోదాలు కావాలి అనేవారైతే లాభంలేదు. శాంతిని స్థాపించుటకు శూరులు పండితులు శాస్త్రజ్ఞులు కావాలి. కాని పైమాదిరివారు కాదు. రాజ్యభోగులు శాంతిమయ జీవితాన్ని కోరేవారు మాత్రమే శాంతిని స్థాపించగలరు. ఇదే నా దృక్పథం. ఇదే నా ఆదర్శం. (సుభద్రను సంబోధించి) అమ్మా నేను నీకు చెప్పింది ఇదే. నీవైనా కాస్త సుఖపడు. మాతృగర్భం ఆనందముగా నున్నప్పుడే దేశాభ్యుదయము.

(సుభద్రా పార్థసారథులు కుంతీదేవి పాదములకు ప్రణమిల్లెదరు).

యార్లగడ్డ. కస్తూరి, జూనియర్. బి. ఎ,

Kasturi Krishnamurty.

Class III

ఏకాంకిక

ONE ACT PLAY

2 - JUN
MADRAS

స్వర్గలోకములో రేషనింగు

Rationing in heaven

స్థలము :—స్వర్గలోకము. మంహేంద్రుని డైమండు పాలస్ లో ఇంద్రుని ప్రైవేటు అపార్టుమెంటు.

ఇంద్రుడు పొడవైన టఫేట్టా సిల్కుకోటు ధరించి, బ్రీచెస్ తొడుగుకొని, బెడ్ రూమ్ స్లిప్పర్సులో నుంటాడు. కొకేటూ చిలుక రెక్కలు చెక్కిన ఒక టీపా మీద నుండును. కాళ్ళు సోఫా చేతులపై నుంచి గోల్డు ఫ్లేక్ సిగరెట్ కాలుస్తూంటాడు. అతని కెదురుగ ఒక పొట్టిసోఫామీద శచీదేవి ఆసీనురాలై యుండును. శిరోజాలమే కప్పు యూగోఫియన్ ఫాషనలో నుండును. పంజాబీ డ్రెస్ పైజాము లాల్చి తొడుగుకొని సిల్కు జరీపూలు గల వల్లెవాటు వేసికొని యుండును. హాండ్ బాగ్ లోనున్న చేతియద్దము చలాజకుంటు లిఫ్స్టిక్ రాసుకుంటు యుండును.

అప్పుడు తెరలేచును.

పారావాడు :—బట్లర్ దుస్తులతో తలుపుతట్టి ప్రవేశించును.

బట్లర్ :—మిలార్డ్, మన ఆస్థాన గురువులు మిస్టర్ బృహస్పతి మిమ్ము సందర్శించుటకై వేచియున్నారు.

ఇంద్రుడు :—వారిని తక్షణమే లోనికిపంపుము. సెండ్ హిమ్ ఇన్.

బృహస్పతి ప్రవేశించును :—పొడవైన కాషాయ రంగు జుబ్బా తొడుగుకొని, ధోవతిధరించి యుండును. బానెడు గడ్డము-కళ్ళకుపిన్సనెజ్ వ్రేలాడుచుండును.

బృహస్పతి :—గుడ్ మార్నింగుమిలార్డ్! మహేంద్రా! గుడ్ మార్నిగ్. మీ ప్రైవసీని భంగపఱచి నందులకు క్షమింపవలయును. అతి ముఖ్యవిషయమై వచ్చితిని.

ఇంద్రుడు :—గురువర్యా! ఆ విషయమేమో ఆనతీండు..

బృహస్పతి :—మిలార్డ్! భూలోకమున ఒక గొప్ప యుద్ధము ప్రారంభము కానున్నది. అమెరికన్ కాపిటలిస్టులు, రష్యన్ కమ్యూనిష్టులు, తమ తమ సైన్యములను బలపఱచు కొనుటయే గాక, మీ వజ్రాయుధముకన్న వెయ్యిరెట్లు భయంకరమైన ఆటంబాంబులను, మహాస్త్రముల నుపయోగింపనున్నారు. ఈ యుద్ధమున మరణించిన వారు మన స్వర్గలోకమునకు వచ్చెదరు. అప్పుడు మన లోకమున నివసించుటకు స్థలములేకపోవుట యొక సమస్య యగును. ఈ విషయమును గూర్చి చర్చ చేయవలసియున్నది. కాన తమ అభిప్రాయ మేమో......?.

ఇంద్రుడు :—(ఆలోచనా నిమగ్నుడై) అగును... ఇది యొక సమస్యయే అగును. మనలోకమున ఆహారోత్పత్తి సన్నగిల్లి రేషనింగు అమలులోనికి తేవలసి వచ్చును. రేషనింగు అరు ఔన్సులైన నా తిండికే ముప్పువచ్చును........

(బృహస్పతిని జూచి) :—గురూజీ! నాకేమియు పాలుపోవుట లేదు. నా అంతరంగిక సేవకుడైన జీవనాథుని నడిగెదను.

(టేబిల్ పైనున్న గంటను మ్రోగించును. బట్లర్ జీవనాథుడు ప్రవేశము.)

జీవనాథుడు :—ఎస్ మిలార్డ్ ఏమియాజ్ఞ.

ఇంద్రుడు :—జీవనాథ్ మనకొక ముప్పు వచ్చినదోయి! నీ బుద్ధిని కొంచె ముపయోగింపవలయును,

జీవనాథ్ :—ప్రభూ! అన్నియు నాకు తెలిసినదే. ఇందు భయపడవలసిన దేమియు లేదు. కాని......... (సందేహించును.)

ఇంద్రుడు :—కాని ఎమిటి జీవనాథా? త్వరగ జెప్పుము.

జీవనాథ్ :—ప్రభూ! మీ కిరీటములోని కోకేటూ చిలుక రెక్క వేమియు బాగుగ లేదు.

ఇంద్రుడు :—అల్ రైటు, అల్ రైట్, దానిని తీసి వేసెదను నీ సలహా చెప్పుము.

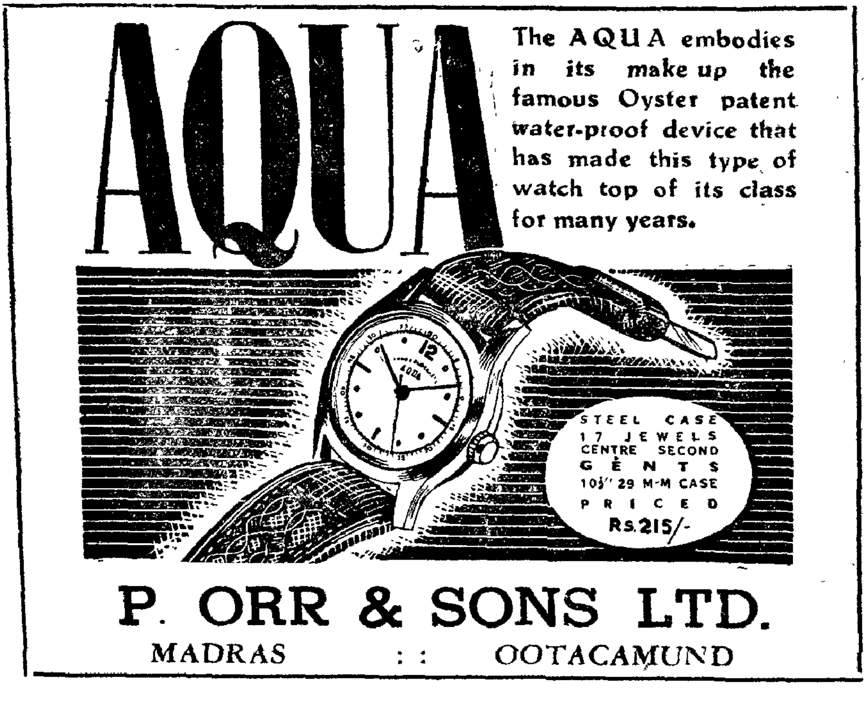
జీవనాథ్ :—(చిఱునగవుతో) ప్రభూ! క. యుగము అంతరింపనున్నది. ఈ సంగతి లార్డ్ శివకు జ్ఞాపకమునకు తెచ్చిన ప్రళయము తెప్పించెదరు. అంతటితో భూలోకములోని జీవరాసులు అంతరించిపోవును గాన మన లోకమునకు వచ్చువారుండరు. కాలి మనకు సమస్యయే యుండదు.

బృహస్పతి :—ఎక్సలెంటు జీవనాథా! నేనిప్పుడే లార్డ్ శివతో జెప్పెదను. మిలార్డ్ ఇంద్రా శెలవు. (నిష్క్రమించును)

ఇంద్రుడు: జీవనాథ్! నీవొక అద్భుతమోయి! (తెరపడును)

R. Rajalakshmi

III. U. C.



இலங்கையில் நடந்தது
What happened in Lanka
(என் மனோபாவனையின்படி)

இலங்கையின் அரசன் இராவணன் கொடுங்கோலன். உல்லாசக் கேளிக்கைகளில் ஈடுபட்டு நாட்டின் நலனை கவனிப்பதில்லை. நாட்டில் வறுமை, பஞ்சம், கள்ளமார்க்கெட் முதலிய கொடிய பேய்கள் தலைவிரித்தாடுகின்றன. அயோத்தியின் அரசன் ஸ்ரீ ராமன் நாட்டு மக்களின் நலனையே பெரிதாகக் கருதுபவன். காந்திய கொள்கைகளாகிய சத்தியம், அஹிம்சை, தர்மம் முதலியவற்றை அடிப்படையாகக் கொண்டு தனது நாட்டிலே ராம ராஜ்யத்தை ஸ்தாபித்தவன். இராவணன் ராமனின் கற்புக்கணிகலமாக விளங்கிய அழகிய மனைவி சீதாதேவியை இச்சித்து, வஞ்சகமாக தனது நாட்டிற்கு அழைத்துச் செல்லுகிறான். ஸ்ரீ ராமர் சீதையை மீட்கவும், இலங்கை வாசிகளை இராவணனின கொடுங்கோன்மையினின்று விடுவிக்கவும் படையெடுக்கிறான்.

நாடக பாத்திரங்கள்

இராவணன் — இலங்கையின் அரசன்
கும்பகர்ணன் — இராவணனின் தம்பி
விபீஷ்ணன் — மற்றொரு தம்பி
ஸ்ரீராமர் — அயோத்தியின் அரசன்
சீதை — ராமரின் மனைவி
மந்திரி, சேவகர், இலங்கைவாசிகள்

முதல் அங்கம்

இடம் — கொலுமண்டபம்
காலம் — காலை

இராவணன் காலைக் கடன்களை முடித்துவிட்டுக் கொலுமண்டபத்தில் வீற்றிருக்கிறான்

இராவணன்:—எங்கே, நமது அருமைத்தம்பி கும்பகர்ணன்.

மந்திரி:—அரசே, அவர் இன்னும் துயிலினின்றும் எழவில்லை.

இராவணன்:—என்ன, இன்னும் எழவில்லையா? இப்படி ஒரு மனிதன் வயிறு புடைக்கச் சாப்பிட்டுவிட்டு கவலையற்றுத் தூங்கிக் கொண்டிருந்தால் நாட்டின் கதியென்னவது? போருக்கு வேண்டிய ஆயத்தங்களைத் துரிதமாக அவனல்லவா செய்தல் வேண்டும். அங்கே யாரடா, போய் நமது தம்பியை நாம் அழைத்ததாகக் கூறு.

சேவகன்:—உத்திரவுப்படியே எஜமான்.

மந்திரி:—அரசே, தாங்கள் போருக்குவேண்டிய ஆயத்தங்களைத் துரிதமாகச் செய்தல் வேண்டும் என்று கூறினீர்களே, அதன் பொருள் அடியேனுக்கு விளங்கவில்லை.

இராவணன் (கோபமாக):—என்ன முட்டாள் தனமான கேள்விகேட்கிறீர். போர் என்ற வார்த்தையையே நீர் கேட்டதில்லை அல்லவா, கொரியாவில் போர், இங்கே போர், அங்கே போர் என்று உலகமே போர்மயமாக இருக்கும்பொழுது ஒன்றுமே தெரியாதவர்போல் கேட்கிறீரே.

மந்திரி:—மன்னிக்கவும் அரசே, தற்சமயம் போருக்கு ஆயத்தம் செய்வதின காரணம் யாதென விளங்கவில்லை.

இராவணன்:—அந்த வீராதிவீரன் அஹிம்சா மூர்த்தி ராமன். உடனே நாம் சீதையை சிறையினின்று விடுவித்து அவனிடம் சேர்க்காவிடில் நமது நாட்டின் மீது படையெடுப்பதாக ஐ-நா-சபையில் சவால் விடுத்திருக்கிறான். எவ்வளவு அகம்பாவம் அவனுக்கு அவன் கொட்டத்தை அடக்காவிடில் நமது பெயர் இராவணனல்ல.

மந்திரி:—அரசே நாட்டுமக்கள் போரை விரும்பவில்லை. சீதையைச்சிறையில் வைத்திருப்பதைப் பத்திரிகைகள் கண்டனம் செய்கின்றன. நாட்டில் வறுமையும் பஞ்சமும் தலைவிரித்தாடும்பொழுது யுத்தமும் சேர்ந்து விட்டால்.

இராவணன் (கோபமாக):—போதும் நிறுத்தும் உமது பஞ்சப் பாட்டை, நாட்டு மக்களின் விருப்பத்தைப்பற்றியோ அல்லது பத்திரிகைகள் என்ன கூறுகின்றன என்றோ நாம் உம்மை கேட்கவில்லை நமது விருப்பப்படி தான் சகலமும் நடக்கும்.

கும்பகர்ணன் வருகிறான்

கும்பகர்ணன்:—அண்ணா என்னை அவசரமாக அழைத்தீர்களாமே, நல்ல தூக்கத்தில் வந்து என்னை இந்த முட்டாள் எழுப்பினான்.

இராவணன்:—தம்பி, உன்னுடைய தூக்கத்தைக்கெடுத்தல் எமது நோக்கமல்ல. காலாகாலத்தில் எழுந்திருந்து வேலைகளைச்செய்தால் தானே நமது அரசு நிலைத்திருக்கும். ஒரு நாட்டை அரசாள்வது சுலபமான காரியமா, தலைக்குமேல் வெள்ளம் வந்துவிட்டபிறகும் தூங்கிக்கொண்டேயிருந்தால் நன்றாயிருக்குமா? போருக்கு வேண்டிய ஆயத்தங்களைத்துரிதமாகச் செய்.

கும்பகர்ணன் (தயங்கியவாறு) :—அண்ணா சீதையை இராமரிடம் சேர்த்துவிட்டு சமாதானம் செய்துக்கொள்வது தான் உசிதமாகத் தோன்றுகிறது.

இராவணன் :—தம்பி நீ கூட இப்படி சொல்வாயென்று நாம் கனவிலும் நினைக்கவில்லை. வீர அரக்கர் குலத்தில் பிறந்த நீயா இவ்வாறு பேசுகிறாய்! எடுத்த காரியத்தை வெற்றிகரமாக முடிப்பதே. நமது அரக்கர் குல மரபு.

கும்பகர்ணன் :—அண்ணா, தம்பி விபீடனன் இராமனிடம் சரண் அடைந்துவிட்டான். இராமர் அஹிம்சை, சத்தியம், தர்மம் இவற்றை நிலை நிறுத்துவதற்காக போர் தொடுக்கினார். நாம் அதர்மத்திற்காக போராடுகிறோம். வெற்றி நமக்குக் கிட்டுவது அரிது.

இராவணன் :—என்ன, அந்த பஞ்சைப்பையனிடம விபீடனன் சரன் புகுந்துவிட்டானா, துரோகி, குலத்தைக்கெடுக்கவந்த கோடாரி காம்பு, தம்பி அஹிம்சை, சத்தியம் தர்மம் என்பதெல்லாம் வெறும் கட்டுக்கதை. வெற்றி நமதே.

கும்பகர்ணன் :—செஞ்சோற்றுக்கடனை கழிப்பதே என்கடன் தங்களுக்காகவும் நாட்டிற்காகவும் என் உயிரை விடத்தயார். இதோ இப்பொழுதே போருக்குச் செல்லுகிறேன்.

இராவனன் :—மெச்சினேன் தம்பி நின் சொல்லை. நமக்கு உன்னைப்போன்ற தம்பி இவ்வுலகில் கிடைப்பதரிது. வெற்றியுடன் திரும்பிவா.

கும்பகர்ணன் விடைபெற்றுக்கொள்ளுகிறான்.

இராவணன் :—மந்திரி, போர் நடக்கும்பொழுது நமக்கும் நமது குடும்பத்தாருக்கும் உணவுக் கஷ்டம் ஏற்படாதவாறு கள்ளமார்க்கெட்டிலிருந்து நூறுமூட்டை அரிசி வாங்கி நமது களஞ்சியத்தில் பதுக்கி

மந்திரி :—உத்திரவுப்படியே. (வையும்.

இராவணன் பகற்பொழுதை உல்லாசமாகக் கழிக்க அந்தப்புரம் செல்லுகிறான் சபை கலைகிறது.

இரண்டாம் அங்கம்

இராவணனின் சேனைகளுக்கும் ஸ்ரீராமரின் சேனைகளுக்கும் போர் நடக்கிறது. போரில் எதிரி குண்டுபட்டுக் கும்பகர்ணன் உயிர்துறக்கிறான் தலைவன் இறக்கவே இராவணனின் சேனைகள் பின்வாங்குகின்றன.

இடம்—கொலுமண்டபம் காலம்—காலை

இராவணன் :—மந்திரி, இன்றையபோர்ச் செய்தி என்ன ?

மந்திரி :—அரசே எதிரி விமானங்கள் நமது நாட்டின் வடபகுதியில் சரமாரியாகக் குண்டுகளைப் பொழிந்தனவாம்.

ஒரு சேவகன் தலைதெறிக்க ஓடிவருகிறான்.

இராவணன் (கலகத்துடன்) :—நடந்தது என்ன, சீக்கிரம் சொல்.

சேவகன் :—எஜமான், நான் என்னத்தைச் சொல்லுவது

இராவணன் :—செய்தியை சீக்கிரம் சொல்லுடா முட்டாள்.

சேவகன் :—எஜமான், தங்கள் சகோதரர் எதிரி குண்டுபட்டு இறந்தார். எதிரி படைகள் நமது நாட்டிற்குள் பிரவேசித்துவிட்டன. நமது படைகள் வெற்றிகரமாக வாபஸ் ஆகின்றன.

இராவணன் :—என்ன. நமதருமை தம்பி இறந்து விட்டானா.

கும்பகர்ணா ! (அதிர்ச்சியால் சிம்காசனத்திலிருந்து விழுந்து உயிர் துறக்கிறான்.)

இராவணன் இறந்த செய்திக்கேட்டு ஸ்ரீராமர் போரை நிறுத்துகிறார். இலங்கைவாசிகள் குதுகலமாக ஸ்ரீராமருக்கு ஜே! விபீடனனுக்கு ஜே! என்று ஜெயகோஷமிடுகின்றனர். பிறகு ஒருமுகமாக விபீடனனை தங்கள் ஜனாதிபதியாகத் தேர்ந்தெடுத்தனர். ஸ்ரீராமர் விருப்பப்படி விபீடனன் இலங்கையின் முதல் ஜனாதிபதி பதவியை ஏற்றுக் கொள்ளுகிறான். ஸ்ரீராமர் சீதையுடன் அயோத்தி திரும்புகிறார்.

இராவணனின் கொடுங்கோன்மையினின்று விடுதலைப்பெற்ற இலங்கைவாசிகள் சுதந்திர நாளை "ஆடுவோமே பள்ளுப்பாடுவோமே, ஆனந்த சுதந்திரம் அடைந்துவிட்டோமென்று" குதுகலமாக பாடி கொண்டாடுகிறார்கள்.

இலங்கைவாசிகள்—ஜனாதிபதி விபீடனனுக்கு ஜே விடுதலை! விடுதலை! விடுதலை!

வி. க்ளாடிஸ் V. Gladys—*Class IV.*

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